The ZEPHYRUS

7AHS 1920





The Zephyrus





Published by

The Students of the Astoria High School

Astoria, Oregon

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Co Miss Portia Vaker

The Class of 1920 Dedicates This Book In Sincere Appreciation of Her Friendship

The Faculty



MR. VIRGIL D. EARL Principal of the High School

The Haculty



Mr. Kempthorne Science Miss Henry French Miss Dunbar English, History

Miss Badollet, Dean Mathematics Miss McKelvey Science, Mathematics Miss Dampiere Music

Miss Sherman English, Science Miss Wootton Civics, Mathematics Miss Allen English

The Haculty



Miss Baker English Miss Brown Librarian Miss Mesmer Commercial Miss Withycombe Science

Miss Watkins
History
Miss MacNaughton
Commercial
Miss Clowes
Physical Training
Mrs. Kempthorne
English

Miss Bergman Latin Mrs. Strange Home Economics Mr. Hussong Manual Training Mr. Heisig Physical Training

Our Journey

CLASS POEM

I saw a thousand white-sailed ships
Steer off before sunrise,
With twinkling lights, midst words of cheer,
To seek a glorious prize.

The angry surging ocean tossed

Some proud ships to their graves;
Some more strongly built defied

The treachery of the waves.

Those cruel rolling waters of hate

Dashed many a ship ashore;

In quiet harbors they came to rest—

They fought with life no more.

A few ships reached the harbor bar
That they had sought to gain,
Their fame blazed thru the country wide—
Forgot was all the pain!

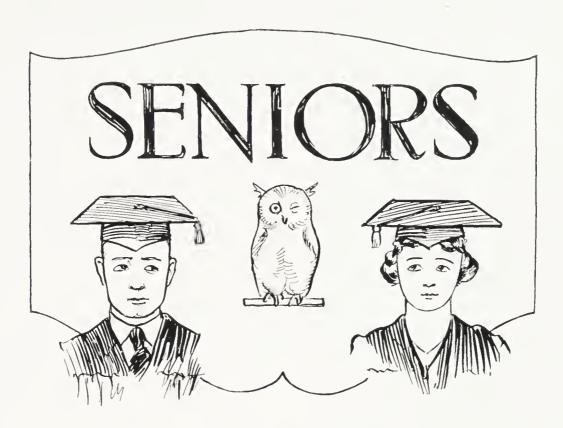
We leave our homes, these peaceful shores,
We now put out to sea:
What fate awaits us all out there,
What fortune will ours be?

Like ships we're tossed by Life's great waves—
We seek that far-off strand
Where Fame and Honor wait for us
At the gate of Successful Land.

CATHERINE POUTALA.

Classes





Class Motto

Out of the Harbor into the Sea

Class Colors

Purple and Gold

Class Flower

Black-eyed Susan

Class Officers

President							Melvin Anderson
Vice-Presid	en	t			٠		Henrietta Hansen
Secretary							Henrietta Hansen
Treasurer							Helen Glanz
Sergeant-at	- A	rn:	1S				lames Powers



Hannah Urell Pedagogy Course Basketball Team

John Garner

History and Mathematics Courses

Junior Baseball Team 6

Junior Prom Committee 6

Elsie Silver Pedagogy Course Junior Mix 6

Mae Young
Pedagogy Course
Glee Club 5-6-7-8
"Gypsy Rover"
Junior Mix
Basketball 1-2

Berger Lebeck Science Course Debate Team 7-8 Football 3-4 Junior Baseball 5-6 Junior Mix 6-8 "Private Secretary"

AGDA CARLSON
Pedagogy Course

Alfred Anderson Science Course

Louise Leinenweber

Mathematics Course
Girls' Basketball Mañager
Girls' Basketball Team 5-6-7-8
"Private Secretary"





CHESTER NOONAN

Mathematics Course
President Student Body 7-8
Junior Prom Committee 6
Football Team 3-7
Junior Baseball Team 6
Junior Mix 6-8
"Bachelor Hall"
"Gypsy Rover"
"Private Secretary"

Pearl Jacobs
History Course

ANNE KOLLER

History Course Glee Club 1-2 "Windmills of Holland" Junior Mix 6

Elizabeth Setters

Language Course
Glee Club, four years
"Windmills of Holland"
"Wild Rose"
"Captain of Plymouth"
"Gypsy Rover"
"Private Secretary"
Junior Prom Committee 6
Junior Mix 6-8

Henrietta Hansen

Language Course
Editor-in-Chief Zephyrus
Vice-President Senior Class
Secretary Senior Class
President Girls' Glee Club 7-8
Glee Club 5-6-7-8
Debate Team 7-8
"Captain of Plymouth"
"Gypsy Rover"
High School Orchestra 3
Junior Mix 6
Junior Prom Committee 6

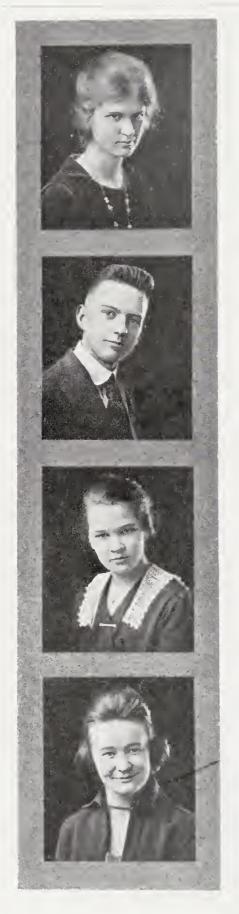
ELSIE JACOBSON
Science and Mathematics Courses

Swenn Lugnet

Mathematics Course

Brigitta Kankkonen Pedagogy Course





FLORENCE GRIFFIN

History Course
Executive Committee 7-8
Junior Prom Committee 6
Junior Mix 6-8
Glee Club, Four Years
"Gypsy Rover"
"Wild Rose"
"Captain of Plymouth"

Paul Snell
Mathematics Course

Alma Sarpola Pedagogy Course

VIOLET OLSON
Pedagogy Course

Catherine Poutala
History Course
Junior Mix 6

HELEN GLANZ

Pedagogy Course Associate Editor Zephyrus Junior Prom Committee Girls' Athletic Manager 5-6 Manager Girls' Basketball Team 6 Captain Girls' Basketball Team 8

James Powers

Mathematics Course
Sergeant-at-Arms Senior Class

Eva Poysky Seienee Course





Mabel Johnson
Pedagogy and Mathematics Courses

DOLPH EDMISTON

Science Course

Manager "Gypsy Rover"

Associate Editor Zephyrus 7-8

"Private Secretary"

THELMA FISHER

Language Course
Junior Mix 6-8

CARL LAINE

Science Course
Football 5-6
"Captain of Plymouth"
Junior Mix 6
Junior Baseball Team 6
Junior Prom Committee 6

Ernest Wentjar

Mathematics and Science Courses
Football Team 4

Emma Matson History Course

GERTRUDE LARSEN

Pedagogy Course
Glee Club, Four Years
Treasurer Glee Club 7-8
Junior Prom Committee 6
"Windmills of Holland"
"Wild Rose"
"Gypsy Rover"
"Private Secretary"
"Captain of Plymouth"

IMOGENE MESERVE

Language Course
Junior Prom Committee 6
Glee Club 3-4-5-6
Accompanist Glee Club 7-8
"Captain of Plymouth"
"Wild Rose"
"What Happened to Jones"
"Private Secretary"
Junior Mix 6-8
Basketball Team 3-4





Elna Johnson Pedagogy Course

ALLEN MOOERS

Science Course
Football 2
Basketball Team 4-5-6-8
"Private Secretary"
Junior Mix 8

Annie Spongberg Pedagogy Course Glee Club 1-2

Melvin Anderson
Science Course
President Senior Class
Executive Committee 7-8
Captain Football Team 7-8
Captain Basketball Team 7-8
Class Treasurer 5-6
"Bachelor Hall"
Junior Mix 6
Football, Four Years
Basketball, Four Years

Lula Nordlund Pedagogy Course

JOHN TRULLINGER

History Course
Treasurer Student Body 8
Executive Committee 4-5-6-7-8
Class President 5-6
Associate Editor Zephyrus 5-6
"What Happened to Jones"
"Bachelor Hall"
"Gypsy Rover"
"Private Secretary"
Junior Mix 6-8

BERNYCE BURGESS

Pedagogy Course
Secretary Student Body 7-8
Class Secretary 5-6
Junior Prom Committee 6
Business Manager Zephyrus 7-8
Sehool Orehestra 3-4-5-6
"Gypsy Rover"
"Private Secretary"
Junior Mix 6-8
Glee Club 7-8
Secretary Glee Club 7-8

Nelle Carle
History Course
Glee Club 5-6-7-8
"Wild Rose"
"Captain of Plymouth"
"Gypsy Rover"





Martha Petersen Pedagogy Course

Henry Nelson

Mathematics and Science Courses

THEODORA JACOBS

Language Course

HELMA ERICKSON

Commercial Course
Exchange Editor Zephyrus

Carl Josephson

Mathematics Course
Junior Mix 8

"Gypsy Rover"
"Private Secretary"

Annie Silver Commercial Course



Edna Denson

History Course
Entered March, 1920



Seniar Mill Maard (By John Trullinger)

APPELATION	ALIAS	ALWAYS HAS TIME FOR	Manner of Speech	LAST SEEN	MOVIE STARS THEY REMIND US OF	WHAT GOT THEM INTO HEAVEN
Alfred Anderson	"Alf"	Fussing with steam engines	"Can't do it; gotta work"	At Carlson's	Bill Hart	His penmanship
Melvin Anderson	"Mel"	Playing basketball	"See Krazy Kat yesterday"? At the Dreamland	At the Dreamland	Elmo Lincoln	His basketball prowess
Bernyce Burgess	"Bernie"	Dancing	"I'll say"	In Noonan's bug	Theda Bara	St. Peter was vamped, that's all
Agda Carlson	"Aggie"	Kidding W. B. K.	We are unable to discover it.	At the postoffice	Olga Petrova	Her silence; no one heard her go in
Nelle Carle	"Nelly"	Hounding "Portia"	"Really now"	On the stage	Mary Pickford	Her Christmas carols
Edna Denson	"Eddy"	A dance at Nasel	"For goodness' sake"	At Donnerberg's	Elsie Ferguson	Her innocence
Dolph Edmiston	"Adolphus"	Loafing	"Hey, Debban"	Jazzing with "Rimp"	Bryant Washburn	His ability as a window washer
Helma Erickson	"Eric"	Playingthetypewriter" I should say so"	r"1 should say so"	At Blind Slough	May Allison	Her disposition
Thelma Fisher	"Thelm"	Studying ¹	"Don't ask me"	Hugging the radiator	Dorothy Gish	"Babe" Fish
John Garner	"Shrimp" or "Rimp"	Eating	"If she thinks she can put anything over on me!"	In the "Bake-Rite"	Charles Chaplin	Knowledge of the Sporting page
Helen Glanz	"Shawty"	Playing basketball	"Let's go"	With Louise	Lıllian Gish	Her wit
Florence Griffin	"Griff"	A movie show	"Fleaven's sakes"	At the "Star"	Mary Miles Minter	Mary Miles Minter Her knowledge of the cinema
Henrietta Hansen		Crabbing	"Positively"	Conversing with Portia	Pauline Frederick	Her knowledge
Carl Josephson	"Josie"	Arguing	"Absolutely wrong"	Convincing Miss Wootton	Eugene O'Brien	His gift of "gab"
Theodora Jacobs	"Theo"	Cramming	"Hello"	At the telephone office	Kathryn Williams	Her smile
Flsie Jacobson	"Else"	Praising Mabel	"Absolutely"	In the Domestic Science room	Alice Joyce	Her grades
Elna Johnson	"Johnnie"	Blushing	"I don't know"	Struggling with Physics	Wanda Hawley	Her yellow sweater
Pearl Jacobs	"Sis"	Plugging the switch-board	Plugging the switch- "Do you know your Latin?" In Room o board	In Room 9	Irene Castle	Her sister
Mahel Johnson	"Mab"	Studying (really she "lthn't it?"	"lthn't it?"	Giving the Valedictory	Constance Talmadge Her voice	e Her voice

onen "Kank" Seeping on 'er in the See three Unit column as the See three Unit column as the See three Unit seeding Shack Suggesting scheel "Hatel" Writing stories "Who, Jo, you think you On Commercial Margaerine Clark In at "Touco" Suggesting scheel "Hatel" "Au, shucks" In Partland Nadge Kennedy Naming "Au, shucks" In Partland Nadge Kennedy Sharing "Au, shucks" (Coaching billands at the N. M. Dock Barchelmas Seeper "Mickey" Strolling in the halls "Where's Shortys" Vamping a certain B. B. hero Mack Barchelmas "Sweno" Blacking to the halls "Where's Shortys" Vamping a certain B. B. hero Mack Barchelmas and "Sweno" "I think he's too mean for Gray's River landing Cloria Swareson and "Happy" Bludfing Miss Warkins, "Vict haow you du" Trike "Thera House" George Walsh and "Cher" Courtini "Yell haow you du" Trike Olive Vance Shorty "Allender Shorty" At the Olive Vance Shorty "Allender Shorty" Trike Clore Valance Str. Harber Mailte Reid "Well" "Yell" Some Swareson "All wreng" "Admiral" Ruffing Lisa With "Well" Some Trike mat Soo per Lifa Lee Francis X. Bushman "Fraid "Rate" "Admiral" "Yell haow you du" Trikering with his bug Mailte Reid "Mell" "Yel" "Yel" Some Sunding short "Well why" "Singing hash Blanche Sweet Hilderband "Well why" "Singing hash Blanche Sweet Hilderband" "Well why" "Singing hash Blanche Sweet Helping at frend "Well," most mershall "Sunday School Detherating "An't dane nothin" "In the Ford Dether Anita Stewart "Alled "Shirty Blancher "Blancher "Well" "An't dane nothin" "In the Ford Dether Anita Stewart "Alled" "Mair "Mair "Mair "Mair "Mair "Mair "Mair "Mair "Mair "Mair" "Mair "Mair "Mair "Mair "Mair "Mair" "Mair "Mair "Mair "Mair" "Mair "Mair "Mair" "Mair "Mair "Mair" "Mair "Mair "Mair "Mair" "Mair" "Mair "Mair "Mair" "Mair" "Mair" "Mair "Mair "Mair" "Mair "Mair" "Mair" "Mair "Mair "Mair" "Mair" "Mair" "Mair" "Mair "Mair" "Ma						I and Constitution	Drove in
re "Ann dear" Writing stories "Who do, you think you On Commercial Marguerite Clark archives "Toxco" Suggesting school "Illed" where to head On the way to Seaside "Ham" in ad." "Toxco" Swimming "Oh gosh" In Partland Nadage Kennedy Blasse, "Barg" Declarming "Au, Shucks" In Congress Rabsert Harron Coaching billands "Gotta match" (Coaching billands at the Y. M. Dick Barthelmas) Coaching billands "Mere's Shortys" Vamping a certain B. B. hero Mabel Normand anything "Think he's too mean for Gray's River landing Cloria Swaresin anything "Think he's too mean for Gray's River landing Cloria Swaresin anything "Think he's too mean for Gray's River landing Cloria Swaresin anything "Think he's too mean for Gray's River landing Cloria Swaresin anything "The Happy" (Courtin) Writing essays "Maswiths" With Clore Under One on an "Cher" Courting In Writing essays "Maswiths" (Collecting prices Francis X. Bushman "Cher" Courting Courting Missing to "Massing Mash" (Chering Reid Something and "Massing Under") (Collecting prices and think Charles Ray Hildsheard The Congress and "Writing Courting Courting Courting Courting Courting Courting Courting Courting Missing Courting Co	Brigitta Kankkonen	"Kank"			In the Burck	Lina Cavelleri	
"Torco" Suggesting school "I'll tell 'em where to head On the way to Seaside "Ham"		"Ann. dear"	Writing stories	"Who do you think you are"	On Commercial	Marguerite Clark	Her brains
"Barrg" Declarming "An, Shucks" In Congress Robert Harron "Swern" Playing billiards "Gatta match" Gazhing billiards at the Y. M. Dick Barthelmas of Carta match" Gazhing billiards at the Y. M. Dick Barthelmas of Carta match" Gazhing billiards at the Y. M. Dick Barthelmas of Carta match" Carta match" Caphing billiards at the Y. M. Dick Barthelmas of Carta match "Think he's too mean for Gray's River landing Gloria Swanson anything" "Think he's too mean for Gray's River landing Gloria Swanson anything" "Oh, ge" At Woolworth's End Bernett "Chet" Courting "Oh, ge" At Woolworth's End Bernett "Chet" Courting "Yell haow ya'du" Trinkering with his bug Walte Return "Chet" "Yell haow ya'du" Trinkering with his bug Walte Return "Chet" Courting "Yell haow ya'du" Trinkering with his bug Walte Return "Hen" "Yell haow ya'du" Trinkering with his bug Walte Return "Hen" "Yell why" "Treaching at \$500 per Lifa Lee Fiod in Simber Sweet Holderfeand "Oh" Simber Sweet "Exa-a" Jazzing gum "Oh" "Treaching school Sinday Shool Shirley Mason "Pare" Blanche Sweet "Exa-a" Jazzing gum "Oh" "In the Ford John Bunny "Pare" Ploping a triend "Mell, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Sinday Niorn- Antia Stewart "An" Worrying "Davening an "Ohes my ear show"" Playing "Sone Sunday Niorn- Antia Stewart "An" Worrying "Ohes my ear show" "In Brigitta's Buick Pritsilla Dean		"Towo"	Suggesting school	"I'll tell 'em where to head in at"	On the way to Seaside	"Ham"	Destination doubtful
"Swen" Blaying billiards "Gotte match" Coaching billiards at the YM. Dick Barthelmas (C.A., Britisher) Coaching billiards at the YM. Dick Barthelmas (C.A., Britisher) Strolling in the halls "Where's Shorty" Vamping a certain B. B. hero Mabel Normand anything "Think he's too mean for Gray's River landing Gloria Swanson anything" At the "Theta House" George Walsh anything "Oh gee" "Mayow Jawn" At the Olbes Janee Sis Hopkins and "Ohet" Courtur "Oh gee" "Miss Withreambe, swall's Collecting prizes Francis X. Bushman "Chet" Aride in somebody's "Listen girls" Trakering with his bug Walte Reid all wrong "Well know, with "Oher Collecting prizes Francis X. Bushman all wrong "The Collecting prizes Trakering at \$50 per Lifa Lee Francis X. Bushman "Chet" Chewing gum "Oh" Sinearing hash Blanche Sweet Hildborand "Well know, "Oh" Sinearing hash Blanche Sweet Jazzing "Well why" Singing hash Blanche Sweet Jazzing "Well why" Singing hash Blanche Sweet Helping a friend "Well I'm not sure if it's Sunday school John Bunny "Blanches" "An't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny "Blanches" "An't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny "Blanches" "Blanches and "Well I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Singing Morn- Antra Stewartt in "Morny "Well I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Sunday Morn- Antra Stewartt in "Morny "Well" "Morny "Gray School I Branches" "Brance-era" In Bright & Bright & Priscilla Dean "Morn- Morny "Bright & Bright & Brig		"Gert"	Swimming	"Oh gosh"	In Portland	Madge Kennedy	Picked the lock on the pearly gates
weher "Mickey" Strolling in the halls "Where's Shortys" Vamping a certain B. B. hero Nabel Normand right of "Inhin he's too mean for Gray's River landing Gloria Swanson anything" "Think he's too mean for Gray's River landing Gloria Swanson anything" "Minch he's too mean for Gray's River landing Gloria Swanson and "Han" "Oh gee" At Woolworth's End Bennet Sis Hopkins an "Chet" Courtin" "Vell haow ya du" Tinkering with his bug Walthe Redd and "Chet" Courtin" "Vell haow ya du" Tinkering with his bug Walthe Redd and "Chet" Courtin" "Vell haow ya du" Tinkering with his bug Walthe Redd and "Chet" Aride in somebady's "Listen girls" "Teaching at Soo per Lifa Lee Ford Anniral" Ruffing um "Kir" "Yea" Smearing his face with ink Charles Ray Hilderand "Well why" Singing hash Blanche Sweet Blanche Sweet "Exa-a" Jazzing "Well why" Singing hash Blanche Sweet "Exa-a" Jazzing "Well, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Shrifey Mason right "Mir" "Well, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Norn- Anira Stewart inght "Mir" "Binge-e-ta" In Brighta's Buick Prisella Dean	Rurger Laheck	"Barra"	Declaiming	"Aw, shucks"	In Congress	Robert Harron	Talked his way in
Strolling in the halls "Where's Shorty"		"Swenn"	Playing hilliards	"Gotta match?"	Coaching billiards at the Y. M. C. A.	Dick Barthelmas	His size
Warbling "I think he's too mean for Bray's River landing Group Warbling Breaking hearts "Naow Jawn" At the "Theta House" George Walsh Blushing "Oh gee" At the "Theta House" George Walsh Bluffing Miss Watkins "Well, Earl said" At the Olney dance Sis Hopkins Courtin' "Vell haow ya du" Tinkering with his bug Wallie Reid Writing essays "Miss Withycombe, you're Collecting prizes Francis X. Bushman all wrong will wrong reid? Francis X. Bushman will wrong reid? Ruffing up "Ki" "Yea" Smearing his face with ink Charles Ray Hildehrand "Well why" Singing hash Blanche Sweet Daneing at the Grange" Aw gwan" Teaching school John Bunny Deliberating "Ain't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny Helping a triend "Well, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Norma Talmadge Helping a triend "Well, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Norma Talmadge Primping "Bright but" "Bright but" "Bright but" "Bright but" "Bright but" "Bright but" "Bright but" "Bright but" "Bright but" </td <td>Louise Lenchweher</td> <td>"Mickey"</td> <td></td> <td>"Where's Shorty"</td> <td>Vamping a certain B. B. hero</td> <td>Mabel Normand</td> <td>Thru Shorty's influence</td>	Louise Lenchweher	"Mickey"		"Where's Shorty"	Vamping a certain B. B. hero	Mabel Normand	Thru Shorty's influence
Blushing "Oh gee" Blushing "Oh gee" At Woolworth's Bluffing Miss Watkins Well. Earl said" Courtin' "Vell haow ya du" Writing essays Wall writing Writing essays Wri	Imogene Meserve	"lmo"	Warbling	"I think he's too mean for anything"	Gray's River landing	Gloria Swanson	Sang St. Peter to sleep and walked in
Blushing "Oh gee" At Woolworth's End Bennet Bluffing Miss Watkins "Well. Earl said" At the Olney dance Sis Hopkins Courtin' "Vell haow ya'du" Tinkering with his bug Wallie Reid Writing essays "Miss Withycombe, you're Collecting prizes A ride in somebody's "Listen, girls" Teaching at \$50 per Froid Ruffing up "Ki" "Yea" Smearing his face with ink Charles Ray Hildebrand "Oh" Dancing Chewing gum "Oh" Dancing Dancing at the Grange "An't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny Deltherating "An't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny Deltherating "Mell, Pin not sure if it's Sunday school Norma Talmadge right but—" Well, Pin not sure if it's Sunday school Norma Talmadge right but—" Wornying "Brige-e-ta" In Brighta's Buck Priscilla Dean	Allen Mooers	"Mook"	Breaking hearts	"Naow Jawn"	At the "Theta House"	George Walsh	Danced his way in
Dancing a triend "Well. Fin not sure it it's bunday school with his bug walter Srs Hopkins with his bug with his bug walter Reid with his bug walter Reid with his bug walter Reid with sour somebody's "Listen, girls". Teaching at \$500 per Francis X. Bushman Smearing bridge with ink Charles Ray buildebrand Chewing gum "Oh" Dancing his face with ink Charles Ray Blanche Sweet Jazzing "Well why" Singing hash Blanche Sweet Jazzing "Ain't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny Deliberating "Ain't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny Deliberating "Well. I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Norma Talmadge right but—" Playing "Some Sunday Morn- Anita Stewart inght but—" Playing "Some Sunday Morn- Anita Stewart inght but—" Playing "Some Sunday Morn- Anita Stewart inght but—" In Brighta's Buick Priscilla Dean	Emma Matson	"Em"	Blushing	"Oh. gee"	At Woolworth's	Enid Bennet	Her shyness
Courtin' "Vell haow ya du" Tinkering with his bug Wallie Reid Writing essays "Miss Withyzombe, you're Collecting prizes Aride in somebody's "Listen, girls" Teaching at \$50 per Lila Lee Ford Chewing gum "Oh" Simearing his face with ink Charles Ray Hildebrand Chewing gum "Oh" Dancing Dancing at the Grange "Aw gwan" Teaching school Shirley Mason Deliberating "An't done nothin'" In the Ford John Bunny Deliberating "Mell, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Shirley Mason Helping a triend "Well, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Norma Talmadge right but" "Does my car show?" Playing "Some Sunday Morn- Anita Stewart in Bringe-e-ta" In Brigitta's Buick Priscilla Dean	I ula Nordland	"Happy"	Bluffing Miss Watkin	ns"Well. Earl said"	At the Olney dance	Sis Hopkins	Her good nature
Writing essays "Miss Withycombe, you're Collecting prizes Francis X. Bushman all wrong." A ride in somebody's "Listen, girls" Teaching at \$500 per Lila Lee Ford Chewing gum "Oh" Dancing Hildehrand "Well why" Singing hash Blanche Sweet Jazzing "Ain't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny Deliberating "Ain't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny Helping a friend "Mell, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Norma Talmadge Primping "Does my car show?" Playing "Some Sunday Morn- Anita Stewart ing" Worrying "Brige-e-ta" In Brigitta's Buick Priscilla Dean	Chester Noonan	"Chet"	Courtin	"Vell haow ya du"	Tinkering with his bug	Wallie Reid	His Swedish accent
A ride in somebody's "Listen, girls" Teaching at \$50 per Lila Lee Ford Ruffing up "Ki" "Yea" Chewing gum "Oh" Jazzing "Well why" Dancing at the Grange" Aw. gwan" Helping a friend "Well, I'm not, sure if it's Sunday school Primping Tiend "Well, I'm not, sure if it's Sunday school Primping "Does my ear show?" Playing "Some Sunday Morn- Anita Stewart in Bright but—" Worrying "Brige-e-ta" In Bright a's Buick Priscilla Dean	Henry Nelson	"Hen"	Writing essays	"Miss Withycombe, you're all wrong"	Collecting prizes	Francis X. Bushman	An essay on religion
al" Ruffling up "Ki" "Yea" Smearing his face with ink Charles Ray Hildehrand "Oh" Dancing hash Blanche Swet Jazzing "Well why" Slinging hash Blanche Swet Dancingat the Grange "An't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny Deliberating "An't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny Helping a friend "Well, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Norma Talmadge right but—" "Does my car show?" Playing "Some Sunday Morn- Anita Stewart inght but—" "Brige-e-ta" In Brigitta's Buick Priscilla Dean	Violet Olsen		A ride in somebody.	s "Listen, girls"	Teaching at \$50 per	Lila Lee	Miss Watkins
Chewing gum "Oh" Dancing Nach Nach Stringing hash Blanche Sweet Jazzing "Well why" Slinging hash Blanche Sweet Dancingat the Grange "An't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny Helping a triend "Well, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Norma Talmadge right but—" Playing "Some Sunday Morn- Anita Stewart ing" "Brige-e-ta" In Brigita's Buick Priscilla Dean	James Powers	"Admiral"	Ruffling up "Ki" Hildebrand	"Yea"	Smearing his face with ink	Charles Ray	His youthfulness
Deliberating "Ain't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny Helping a triend "Well, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Priniping "Does my ear show?" Playing "Some Sunday Norn- Anita Stewart ing." "Brige-e-ta" In Brigitta's Buick Priscilla Dean	Catherine Pontala	"Kare"	Chewing gum		Dancing	NIac Marsh	Her vocabulary
ctersen "Pete" Dancingat the Grange "An gwan" Teaching school Shirley Mason "Powl" Deliberating "Ain't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny "Slivers" Helping a triend "Well, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Norma Talmadge "Ches my ear show?" Playing "Some Sunday Morn- Anita Stewart "Brige-e-ta" In Brigitta's Buick Priscilla Dean	Eva Povsky	"Eva-a"	Jazzing	"Well why"	Slinging hash	Blanche Sweet	Her quiet disposition
"Powl" Deliberating "Ain't done nothin" In the Ford John Bunny or "Slivers" Helping a friend "Well, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Norma Talmadge right but—" Setters "Jada" Primping "Does my ear show?" Plaving "Some Sunday Morn- Anita Stewart ing." "Brigge-e-ta" In Briggita's Buick Priscilla Dean	Albertha Detersen	"Pere"	Dancing at the Gran	ge". 1w. gwan"	Teaching school	Shirley Mason	Her ambition to be a farmerette
"Slivers" Helping a triend "Well, I'm not sure if it's Sunday school Norma Talmadge right but—" Setters "Jada" Printping "Does my ear show?" Playing "Some Sunday Morn- Anita Stewart ing "Brige-e-ta" In Brigetta's Buick Priscilla Dean	Paul Spell	"Pow1"	Deliberating	"Ain't done nothin"	In the Ford	John Bunny	In a parcel post package
"Jada" Primping "Does my ear show?" Playing "Some Sunday Morn- Anita Stewart ing "Brige-e-ta" In Brigitta's Buick Priscilla Dean	Elsie Silver	"Slivers"	Helping a triend	"Well, I'm not sure if it's right but"		Norma Talmadge	Ner thinness (she squeezed under the gate)
"Al" Worrying "Brige-e-ta" In Brigitta's Buick Priscilla Dean	Elizabeth Setters	"Jada"	Primping	"Does my ear show?"	Playing "Some Sunday Morning"	Anita Stewart	Her hair puffs
	Alma Sarpola		Worrying	"Brige-e-ta"	In Brigitta's Buick	Priscilla Dean	Her English recitations

ongberg	Annie Spongberg "Long Ann"	A good time	"I haven't studied my lesson"	With Catherine	Бепту Fаптаг	Her heavenly attitude
Annie Silver	Unknown	Working	"For pity's sake"	At Home	Gladys Brockwell	Her position as Mr. Earl's private secretary
John Trullinger	"Trunk"	Kidding the teachers "Razzbernes"	s "Razzberries"	Studying (hard to believe)	Jack Pickford	His Physics recitations
Ernest Wentjar	"Ansty"	Talking to Brigitta	"Who, me"	Jazzing	Harrison Ford	His eyes
Mae Young	"Smiles"	Mischief	"Some swell"	Playing Mermaid	Annette Kellerman	She swam in
Hannah Urell	"Speed"	A good baskethall game	"I think tho"	With the gang	Billie Burke	Her cute lisp



HEN a rich class dies, it leaves a will. The duty of the class of '20, therefore, is plain. It is fitting that we pass on that vast wealth of characteristics, peculiarities and positions by which we have gained fame or notoriety, to those students who can best bear the burden. Bequests are as follows:

Mcl Anderson leaves his basketball eareer to "Swede" (Algot) Westergren.

Imogene Meserve bequeaths her magnolious voice to Lola Skinner.

Anne Koller leaves her literary genius to Mary Spongberg.

Chet Noonan leaves the presidential chair to any one who is popular enough to win it.

Bernyee Burgess wishes to leave her vampish glances to Louise Bartlett.

Nelle Carle wills her Mary Pickford smile to Lila Warren.

Berger Lebeek leaves his oratorieal prowess to Ralph Wertheimer.

Dolph Edmiston leaves his ability as yell leader to Emil Berg.

Alfred Anderson passes his football suit on to little brother, Uno.

Allen Mooers leaves his cute little niekname "Reggie" to Lueien MacLauchlin.

Mabel Johnson bequeaths her ability to translate Latin to "Curt" Dyer.

Pearl Jacobs wishes to leave her dashing manner to Beda Felt.

Gertrude Larsen leaves her heavenly attitude to Vivian Brown.

John Trullinger wills his musical and dramatic ability to Eben Carruthers.

Alma Sarpola leaves her self-eonfidence to Margaret Christie.

Louise Leinenweber leaves her meek, subdued manner to Sara Stewart.

James Powers bequeaths his studious habits to Alexander Nelson.

Paul Snell wishes to leave his pareel post Ford to Arthur Hildebrand.

Elsie Silver wills her teacher's training book to Toivo Partan.

Mae Young leaves her low, musical voice to Margaret Nelson.

Swenn Lugnet leaves his newly trained pompadour to Charles Blitch.

Henrietta Hansen bequeaths to Elizabeth Taylor the distinction of being the only girl on the debating team.

Theodora Jacobs leaves her dimples to Linnea Jacobson.

Henry Nelson leaves his Physics and Chemistry puzzles to Miss Withycombe, hoping that she may be able to figure them out within the next fifty years.

Florence Griffin bequeaths her Chemistry notebook to Paul Schmidt.

Elsie Jacobson leaves her newly invented fox-trot to Tannette Jaloff.

Hannah Urell bequeaths her position on the girls' B. B. team to her kid sister.

Elizabeth Setters leaves her ever-ready red sweater to Rosella Wellington.

Carl Josephson wills his quotations from the Scriptures, also his pessimistic attitude in Psychology class, to Charles Diamond.

Annie Spongberg leaves her ghostly and supernatural attitude to Elsie Onkka.

Ernest Wentjar leaves his absence record to Mel Debban, hoping that Mel will not get the "big-head" over it.

Thelma Fisher leaves her pleasing personality to "Babe" Fish.

Annie Silver bequeaths her seat at the typewriter to Arthur Maki.

Carl Laine wills his soft voice, gentle manners and potato-raising scheme to Lawrence "Bud" Hansen.

Agda Carlson leaves her ability to blush easily to Miss Sherman.

Brigitta Kankkonen leaves her Buick Six to her fast and snappy cousin, Carl Kankkonen.

Helen Glanz resigns the captaincy of the basketball team to Esther Aase.

Violet Olson leaves the mayorship of Olney to her brother, John Milton "Buck" Olson.

Martha Petersen leaves the care of her young brother Arnold to Miss Watkins, with the hope that she will guide him safely along the straight and narrow path.

Helma Erickson leaves her springy step to Karla Sorenson.

Emma Matson wills the thrill of her romances to John Hukkala.

Catherine Poutala leaves her queenly dignity to Mathilda Erickson.

Elna Johnson leaves her abundant knowledge of Psychology to Miss Watkins.

Lula Nordlund bequeaths her broad good-natured smile to Chesley Smith.

Eva Poysky leaves her natural complexion to Ryzpah Wright.

John Garner, the author of the document, leaves to Cecil Matson the job of writing it when the youthful Freshmen become wise Seniors.

Class Prophecy &

It WAS in a little Chinese village that I came across one of my old school-mates. I was bargaining for antiques with a priest, when a woman entered the temple. She was talking earnestly to a Chinese coolie who had come to pray.

"Don't you see this is all sinful—praying to images?" asked the woman. The man was undecided. Maybe there was something in what this tall, skinny missionary said. The priest, seeing that there was danger of losing a follower of Buddha, left me. He started to argue with the coolie, telling him to remain true to his gods, but the missionary broke in with, "Cease! Don't you see he is already mine?"

She led the bewildered coolie out of the temple and disappeared with him. But not before I had time to recognize Elsie Silver. I later found that she and a group of our old school friends, including Annie Silver, Alma Sarpola and Swenn Lugnet, had organized a church in this little village. They had written home such glowing reports of their work that Brigitta Kankkonen had given up her position as head saleswoman at Kallunki's Emporium, and already was on her way to join her missionary friends.

A few months later 1 met Eva Poysky and Martha Petersen in Tokio. They managed a bath house there. Across the street, Ernest Wentjar maintained a Tourists' Information Bureau.

"Good chance to find out about the other members of our class," thought I, and stepping up to Ernest, I began to ask about our old friends. To summarize briefly what he told me:

Berger Lebeck was teaching in a boys' school in Egypt. Alfred Anderson was head janitor in the Woolworth Building in the States. Elna Johnson was principal of old A. H. S. Pearl and Theodora Jacobs were famous designers of French gowns with headquarters in Paris. Violet Olson was president of the Parent-Teachers' Association of Olney. Mabel Johnson had stepped into Miss Baker's place at the old High School. Elsie Jacobson was a milliner in Hawaii. Mae Young was the head of the Crimson Taxi Company of Seaside. Gertrude Larsen, realizing how becoming she looked in a uniform, had entered that noblest of professions, nursing. She was now at the head of Bellevue Hospital, New York City. James Powers was building bridges in South America. Mel Anderson was city attorney—for Warrenton. "Following in the steps of his father," Ernest said.

Henry Nelson was a broker in Wall Street, with branch offices in Chicago and Boston. Agda Carlson, Lula Nordlund and Emma Matson had become famous as mountain climbers. They were at that time doing the Swiss Alps. Helen Glanz was a physical director. The only one who had realized her

ambition! Hannah Urell had just issued a handbook of basketball rules. Helma Eriekson had gone into Sennett comedies. Catherine Poutala, Florenee Griffin, Thelma Fisher and Elizabeth Setters were devoted Salvation Army workers in the New York slums. Nelle Carle was editor of "Etude" and director of the orchestra at the Biltmore Hotel, New York.

But the most astonishing piece of news Ernest had was this:

"You remember that ouija board craze twenty years ago? John Trullinger has fallen for that stuff at last. He owns an ouija board factory in the backwoods of Maine. He is so eager for everyone to have a board that he gives them to those who can't afford to buy them. He employs four men to put postage stamps on the ouija boards when they are sent away. 'Chet' Noonan is John's head mail clerk."

As it was nearly time for my ship to sail for Honolulu I took leave of Ernest. The first man I met on board was Dolph Edmiston, dressed in an officer's suit. After shaking my hand eordially, he said, "You're a bit late. I just said good-bye to Bernyee Burgess, who is sailing on another boat for Siberia, to engage in welfare work. Henrietta Hansen, the new editor of "Religious Life," went with her. They are going to stay in Siberia a few months, where Henrietta will gather material for a series of articles on 'Siberia, Its Ignorance of Christian Ideals."

On one of my exploration tours aboard ship, I went down into the furnace room. I was interested in watching the stokers, when one of them turned his face to me. I almost fell down the steps.

"John Garner," I cried. But the stoker had his back to me again and was busily shoveling eoal.

One sunshiny morning we landed in Honolulu. At the hotel I engaged a room and rang the bell marked "maid service." The trim, Frenehy maid who eame at my eall was Imogene Meserve—grown up! After a joyous greeting, we sat for an hour and exchanged confidences.

"I am called Antoinette now," she explained demurely. "But it is only for a little while. I am earning money to start a business of my own. I shall be the owner of the best Beauty Shop in this town before long." And she beamed with joy.

She was ealled away soon. As I left town the next morning I did not see her again.

I was now ready for anything. Nothing eould shock me. If I had seen one of my old schoolmates with a sign, "I am blind," holding out a cup for money, I should not have been phased in the least!

My next stop was San Franciseo. It was in a tea room of the St. Francis that I saw Carl Josephson. My eompanion pointed him out to me, saying, "There is that Professor Josephson over whom everyone is raving. His latest book on Civics is just off the press. He has some rather startling ideas on how the Constitution should be interpreted."

That was Tuesday. The next Sunday I was in New York. I was walking along Riverside Drive when my attention was arrested by a big policeman. Paul Snell, of all people! He passed me by without a glanee.

I pieked up a magazine at a book shop and glaneed idly through it. "Trash," I thought, as I skimmed over the sheets. Not until the next day did I notice the eover. It was a pieture of a girl, with the artist's name, Annie Spongberg, at the bottom. The face of the model was familiar. "Louise Leinenweber!" I cried.

The first story I eame to was ealled "After Many Years," and was written by "Verne Steele," which I later found to be the pen name of Carl Laine.

The next day I shopped. I was eoming out of Lord and Taylor's when I bumped into a prosperous-looking gentleman. We both stooped to pick up my bundles and our heads eollided. I drew myself up. "Sir—" I began, but stopped in amazement, for the smiling face of Allen Mooers was before me.

"What next?" I asked, weakly.

"This is a small world, isn't it?" said Allen, laughingly.

I recovered from my shoek. "You said it!"

ANNE KOLLER.



CLASS SONG



Would the World End

If Henrietta Hansen and John Trullinger should have a guarrel.

If Mr. K. lost his eow.

If Miss Withyeombe eeased giving O. K.'s.

If Curtis Dyer quit making posters.

If John Trullinger should eease eating the tender nasturtium leaves in the Senior room.

If Miss Badollet eeased ealling the girls together for special assemblies.

If Annie Spongberg should get fat.

If Max Hurlbutt should wear short trousers.

If Nelle Carle lost her tremolo.

If Miss Henry's heels were eut off.

If Wainer Anderson passed in geometry three.

If Maud Mahan lost her hair eurlers. If Imogene Meserve stopped guessing.

If Bereniee Davies forgot to press her dress just one morning.

If Ryzpah Wright found that peroxide had been taken off the market.

If Carl Palo should keep his feet under his own desk.

If Florence Tagg should be ready for gym on time.

If Miss MeKelvey looked her age.

If Valerie Hammer stopped writing poetry. If Borghild Edison stopped matting her hair.

If Lila Warren were sunburned.

If Miss Brown should allow Eben Carruthers to remain in the library.

If Jack Keating forgot one Roman myth.

If we lost our "hall eop."
If three of our freshman girls had kept on wearing half-soeks.

If Aliee Maekey should get a "sixty" in Freneh.

If Dolph Edmiston should lose his voice.

If Mr. Earl eould see his feet.

For Margaret Christie if the powder factory blew up.

If Riehard Carruthers should be absent from one Freneh Society meeting.

If Mrs. Strange forgot to prepare dinner.

If Ruth Slotte and Stella Lahti didn't study their shorthand lesson.

If Lorenzo Lagus were foreed to speak to a girl.

For Carl Josephson if Miss Withyeombe should leave sehool. For Elizabeth Setters if "The Gypsy Rover" were a reality. For Elsie Onkka if the Dreamland were elosed for one evening.

If Miss Baker should stop hollering for themes.

For Mr. and Mrs. Kempthorne if their dog died.

If Paul Sehmidt's voice went higher.

If Beda Felt should grow thin.

If the Freshmen didn't try to run the sehool.

If the Sophomores were gentle.

If the Juniors weren't lazy.
If the Seniors didn't do all the talking in student body meetings.

If all were as inquisitive as 1.

Rosella Wellington.

The Student Body



Chester Noonan President

Max Hurlbutt Vice-President

Bernyce Burgess Secretary

John Trullinger Treasurer







CC 3 Junior Class Notes 3 DO

The officers of the Junior Class are:

The Junior year has been the most eventful in the history of the elass of '21. Under the leadership of Jefferson Nelson, we have been constantly active. We have to our credit successful business undertakings, social functions, and entertainments.

A dance given by the boys in honor of the girls was the first "affair." Early in the second semester plans were made for the "big event," the Junior Prom. To finance this undertaking, the class gave several eandy and ice cream sales, and put on a "Mix" which startled the school. The vaudeville numbers and the dance of March 31 made the Juniors famous.

The Prom was a sufficient reward for the time and trouble it eost. As the farewell of the school to the departing Seniors, it was a great suecess.

As a class we want to take this opportunity of wishing the Seniors collectively and individually all possible luck and good times in college and in the world.

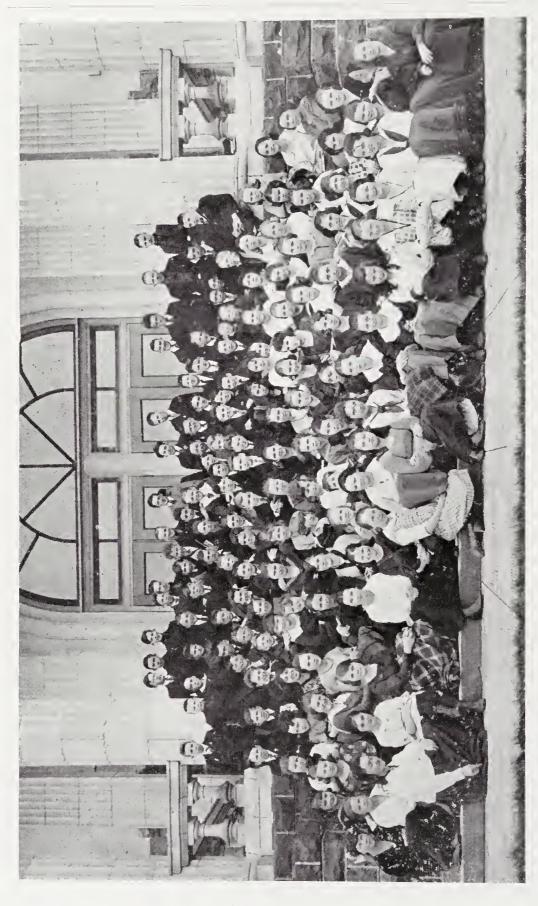
R. T. C.

Jolly Juniors

CLASS SONG

We are jolly Juniors, Yo-ho-ho-ho!
Never sad, always glad.
We are merry fellows as you all ean see,
From worry and from trouble we are quite, quite free;
But in our lessons we stand high,
We get good grades if we don't half try,
And we're pets of our teachers dear:
Mr. Earl's wrath we need never fear
(Mr. Earl's wrath we need never fear).

FLORENCE HOAGLAND.



Do You Know Them?

Our Human Dynamo

There is a diminutive individual in school who may be best described as a human dynamo. Pep and enthusiasm radiate from him. Get him excited—for instance, talk to him on the immigration question—and if his founts of speech are not loosed to overwhelm you, it is because he has been suddenly stricken dumb. Dare to doubt his word, disagree with him, and you will find that it is impossible to escape him before you are converted or the tardy bell rings. He is like the schoolmaster in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," who "tho" vanquished, could argue still." This small terror has dark hair and black, eager, snapping eyes with eyelids continually blinking. A blue sweater usually adorns his animated figure. As to stature—the tiniest of tiny Freshmen has nothing on him.

B. L. '20.

Who?

There's a certain man in this high school
That we all can't help but admire,
He's short and stout, and jolly, of course—
But beware of the hidden fire.
He sits in a swivel chair all day
And twirls a pencil long,
But he sits in a stiff-back chair on the stage
When the Assembly bursts into song.
He answers our questions quickly,
Curtly, but wisely, too.
This gentleman is no other than—
Well, I wonder who?

G. L. '20.

Mr. Orator

Mr. Orator does not wear a red necktie. His hair is neither long and shaggy, nor short and bristly. In fact, his appearance gives no hint of his fiery eloquence. Mr. Orator seems just a quiet, pleasant boy. But wait till he addresses the chair! Then the listener is enthralled as he eloquently cajoles and pleads, quoting frequently some flowery passage from Shakespeare.

I. M. '20.

The H. S. Goliath

of about six feet two inches consists of extremely long legs and arms, awkwardly dangling hands, and a pair of broad, square shoulders. His slow, rangy stride and the distressed look which overspreads his countenance when he is forced to study, make it evident that he does not have an overabundance of vitality stored in his massive structure. He wears his flaxen hair in a rather tasty manner over his right eye. He is ambitious to become a skilled mechanic and a star basketball center. He delights in boring his friends with tales of his trip up the valley last summer in his car—which is a Ford. (Probably he will some day hold a foreman's position in a Ford factory).

M. A. '20.

Freshman Alphabet

A is for Alan, so little and small, B is for Beda, so large and so tall. C is for Charles, who is always wrong, D is for Duncan, so skinny and long. E is for Elvina, who loves basketball jumps, F is for Fred; he's just over the mumps. G is for George, who stands in the hall, H is for Hattie, the brightest of all. I is for Idle, which we are half the time, I is for Jackie, put in to make rhyme. K is for Kasten, who has a back seat, L is for Luverne, his hair's kinky and sweet. M is for Margaret, who likes powder and such, N is for noon—H'm, Eats! Study? Not much! O is for Ona, sits in room twenty-one, P is for Paul, who's in for the fun. Q stands for quizzes, the sound makes us shudder. R is for Ruben, Edwin's small brother. S is for singing, which we have every week, T is for Toivo, who blushes so meek. U is for Urell, the star of the game, V is for Valcrie, her French gives her fame. W is for Willie, he's always late. X is the unknown—oh, algebra fate! Y is for youngsters of the Freshman mass, Z is for Zephyrus, we hope it's first class.

THE TWINS

Editorial



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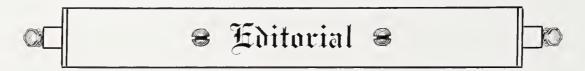
Dolph Edmiston

JOKES

EXCHANGES Helma Erickson

LITERARY Henrietta Hansen Gertrude Larsen

DRAMATICS Henrietta Hansen Elizabeth Setters



College?

SHALL we go to college? What will a college education do for us? These questions are foremost in our minds today. We can answer them only if we realize that over seventy-one per cent. of America's successful men and women are college trained.

Never before has there been such an urgent call for intelligent voters and lawmakers. As future citizens of the United States, we must fit ourselves to assume our heavy duties when the time comes. Education, guided in the proper channels, will give us a broad, sympathetic outlook on life, and will teach us the truth about those matters which most directly affect us and the welfare of our country. We shall prepare ourselves for one of the greatest duties of citizenship, the honest and intelligent use of the ballot.

The real value of education was proved in the great war, when college men showed the worth of their training. In most cases, it was the college man who attained positions of rank. Thus it will always be: trained, efficient men and women will be given the preference.

If the question of finances seems to bar many of us from seeking higher education, let us remember that at present about one-half of the young men and women in Oregon's colleges are earning their way. These men and women really receive a better education than those who live on allowances from their families, for they gain practical experience and develop self-reliance.

There is, perhaps, some doubt as to whether Oregon's colleges can receive us in the fall, because of the lack of equipment and accommodations. We can do our part in overcoming this difficulty by soliciting support from the voters of our county in the coming election, when the Millage Bill will be voted on.

Shall we go to college? In answering the question, let us remember the reward and count the cost cheap.

H. H. '20.

An Opportunity

PUBLIC speaking is an art, and one worth cultivating. But what chance is offered in our school, when there is no course in public speaking? Have you heard of debate? Every student has an opportunity to try out. Whether you make the team at the first trial or not, you have done something for your school and for yourself.

Debating develops tact, concentration, reasoning power. What is more to be desired than the ability to express one's thoughts with ease and

graee while eonfronting an audience? Everyone is at some time ealled upon to express himself at a pubic gathering and should be able to do so without embarrassment. Is it better to acquire ease of expression at school, or to go through a humiliating experience later in life?

Ease of expression is a most valuable social and business asset, and argument is the best means of converting others to one's opinions. For this reason, the trained debater is more likely to make his presence felt and to become successful in life than one who lacks this advantage. There is no occupation which does not require the use of argument in some form, and the less training one has, the less likely he is to succeed. Argument is not a mere pastime for idlers, but a necessity to everyone's welfare.

Nevertheless, debating is fun. Ask anyone who went in for it strong this year! Or perhaps you have overheard Ralph Wertheimer talking immigration with Berger Lebeek, or woman suffrage with Curtis Dyer?

Before our first debate this year, the interest shown was largely among the older students, but after the Knappa eontest the younger students also developed an interest. However, it is certain that all the material in the school has not yet come to light. It is the privilege as well as the duty of every high school student to try out for debate. Surely many of the members of next year's student body will realize this truth and take advantage of the opportunity offered.

A debating elub would do wonders in putting public speaking on its feet in A. H. S. Let us hope that one will be organized next year. It is eertain that there is plenty of material in the school for the best debate team in the state. Why not develop it?

D. E. '20.

Alumni

During the war the members of the Alumni were seattered thruout the United States and Europe, each doing his bit for the great eause. Since the war, old members have settled in various parts of the country and very few are left in the city to keep the organization alive. Alumni officers are:

President Timon Torkelson
Secretary Alrs. Fraser Cameron (Jessie Garner)
Treasurer Elva Jeldness

The majority of the members of the elass of '19 are attending the North-western eolleges and universities.

Margery Gilbert is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma at the U. of W. Clara Settem is at the University of Washington.

Minnie Ambler is attending Willamette University.

Anna Hendriekson is at Bellingham Normal.

Adeline Olsen is in the eity.

Helen Reith is at O. A. C.

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The Hable of Two Students

TWO Grammar School students entered High School with the aim of getting as much as possible out of their four years. One was a small, aenemic person with an abnormally developed head. She was called Constance. The other was a robust, jolly girl, with a trustful look. She was named Hope.

The students took up the same course. In class Constance was always ready with an answer, for she had gone directly from school the afternoon before to apply herself to study. She had, in fact, read every suggested reference. On the other hand, Hope had stayed for glee club practice, and in the evening had come back to the gym to see the game. Her lessons were usually unprepared, but by attention she assimilated a little in class.

This was the program of the two students for four years. In the Senior year Constance fell a victim to brain fever. Hope's robust constitution was preserved by moderation, and she lived to be a good citizen.

Moral: All's well that ends well.

PEARL JACOBS.

Day Dreams

When the days in the spring grow brighter, When we hear the first song bird's call, When the flowers send forth their sweet fragrance—Then I'm dreaming, just dreaming—that's all.

When the rooms become hot and stuffy, When the lazy flies buzz on the wall, Then the castles in Spain grow majestic—For I'm dreaming, just dreaming—that's all.

As the time for vacation draws nearcr, Then the grades in my studies fall, For I don't even hear the questions— I'm dreaming, just dreaming—that's all!

HELVIE SILVER.









Kine Feathers

LENORA GRAY read and re-read the invitation to the C. G. theatre party. What had she done to deserve such an honor! For an invitation to a C. G. affair usually meant that one was being considered for future membership in that exclusive organization of live, witty girls.

Lenora was awakened from her musing by a knock. In came a tall, fair-haired girl in a traveling suit, carrying a bag and a hat-box.

"Why, where—" began Lenora.

"Telegram. Sister May to be married. Home for wedding. If my new evening dress comes, unpack it for me, there's a dear." And with a last glance in the mirror she was gone.

The words "evening dress" broke Lenora's dream. She had no dress suitable to wear to a C. G. affair at the biggest and newest theatre in town. There was that white net which she had thought so pretty when she bought it only a few months back. She took the dress down and inspected it. It was too girlish; it made her look like a seventeen-year-old.

The dinner bell rang, and forgetting the party, she ran down to the dining room. At her table she counted three C. G. pins. How pretty they were! Of green gold, with a gleaming pearl over the letters C. G. The owners of these pins were discussing clothes.

"Marion's going to wear that wonderful dress her brother sent her from Paris. Two hundred dollars he paid for it. Fancy!" said one of the girls. "Wonder what the new girls will wear? Beatrice Black is always classy, but I don't know about that Gray girl. Last time I saw her she was in overalls."

"Sh! She's at this table, Letty," warned her neighbor.

Lenora choked on her salad, and in reaching for her glass, overturned her neighbor's salt shaker. She apologized and bolted the rest of her dinner.

Up in her room she threw herself on her bed, got out her handkerchief, and prepared for a good cry. But no tears came. She was too angry to cry. Those horrid girls! She'd show them how to dress. She would make Marion Davis look cheap in her two-hundred-dollar gown!

"Just wait, you C. G. eats," she said to herself as she got into bed.

Next morning Lenora began to worry anew over her elothes. It was when she went to take down her serge dress and found a big tear in the hem. She sewed it up in a hurry and then began to run over her elothes. She surely needed new ones. But she had no money. Her allowanee wasn't due until next week, and besides, her father eould not afford to buy her more dresses this winter.

"I'll go to work and earn the money for at least one new dress." she vowed as she went to elass.

After elasses she set out. She *must* earn some money. If she eould earn about ten dollars before tomorrow night she eould buy an evening dress and pay a deposit. She bought a newspaper and opening it to the "Help Wanted" section, seanned the columns. There were advertisements for stenographers, typists, cooks, second girls, nurses and factory workers, but no one wanted a college girl's services for a few hours a day. Discouraged, Lenora went back to Wilcox Hall, back to the impossible white net.

Next day she applied for a job at a department store where a big sale was going on, but was refused because she could work only a few hours a day. It was the same everywhere she went. And it was the same next day, and the next, when she again trudged the streets.

Friday afternoon, utterly weary, she slunk into a Quiek Lunch restaurant for a eup of tea. The place was erowded. As she was making her way past the counter, a small, excited man hurried to meet her.

"Thank heaven you've eome at last!" he said. "Hurry and get out here. You'll find an apron in the dressing room over there." And off he dashed.

Lenora marehed into the dressing room, took off her wraps and slipped on an apron. Her hands trembled, her eheeks glowed with exeitement. Here was her chance! Mistaken identity. The little man out in front took her for a new waitress. She would keep up the pretense until the real waitress eame. If her luck held out, maybe the other girl would not appear for several days.

At the eounter she began to sort silver and ehina. She waited on the people who eame to the eounter for their food, and for a while that afternoon she was eashier. The work was interesting to Lenora, who had never before worked in such a place. All classes of people eame in, salesgirls, business men, shoppers, and even a group of college girls whom Lenora recognized, but who passed by without seeing her.

She was off duty at seven. Before she left she sought out the proprietor and inquired about her hours and wages.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "we had no time for that over the phone. Your hours are from three to seven, wages ten dollars a week. Sundays you work all afternoon and until nine."

Lenora took a street ear and reached her room at seven-thirty. She turned on the lights at her dressing table and found a note pinned to the eushion. It was from Sara McCullough, president of the C. G., a reminder

to be ready at eight sharp.

With a gasp she remembered the theatre. In the excitement of her first job, she had forgotten the C. G. and its party, the very thing which had started her looking for work. How eould she have done that! Social disgrace would be hers if she failed to appear. Somehow she must get ready in half an hour. She slipped on a kimono, pulled down her hair and rearranged it with trembling fingers. A sudden knock arrested her as she moved toward the wardrobe.

"Come in," she ealled.

Louise from the next room entered. "Jane Smith has my Vergil, and now she's gone home. She left her key with you, didn't she? Won't you get the book?"

Lenora erossed the hall to Jane's room, unlocked the door and went in she found the book under a pile of fashion magazines on the study table. Her attention was attracted by the cover design of one of the magazines, a picture of a girl in evening dress. She was studying it when the door opened and a maid came in with a package. The girl, who was new, laid it on the bed, and left Lenora staring after her. "If my new evening dress comes, unpack it for me." Jane's words came back to her.

She dismissed the thought that eame into her mind, pieked up the Vergil and rushed out. When she was alone, she took down the white net and examined it. It was simple and girlish, trimmed with white satin ribbon and a pink bow. To think that she had eome to eollege with such a dress! To a school where two-hundred-dollar party frocks were worn! Wear that white net? Never! What then?

The answer came. Jane Smith's new evening dress! Trust Jane to buy a smart dress!

Lenora glanced at her wrist. A quarter of eight. She opened her door and looked into the hall. No one there. She made a dash for Jane's door, unlocked it, switehed on the light, took the paekage and returned to her room. From the eardboard box she drew a shimmering black tulle affair which she slipped on and fastened hastily. She had time for only one look at herself before the president of C. G. eame. The newcomer stared at Lenora for fully half a minute before she spoke.

"What a lovely dress! Black is just the color for you. But hurry, they are waiting downstairs."

An entire row on the main floor of the Metropolitan had been reserved for the C. G. As the girls slipped off their wraps, all eyes were turned to Marion Davis, who sat next Lenora. And indeed, Marion's dress was something to gaze at. Then the girls looked at Lenora, sitting there so demurely

in her black tulle, playing with her ostrich feather fan. She had her hair done high in a French twist, with most of it tueked under a big jet comb. They looked longer at her than at Marion, for the transformation was startling. They were used to seeing Marion Davis dressed in the latest style, but mouselike Lenora Gray! It was astonishing the difference mere clothes made. Why, the girl was a beauty!

The next afternoon if Sara McCullough had gone to the Daisy Quick Lunch, she would have found last night's belle handing out eoffee and sandwiehes. If she had gone in the evening she would have seen Lenora on her knees serubbing the floor. She was working hard for elothes.

Sunday was a slow day, business was poor, and Lenora got off at seven instead of at nine. She reached Wilcox Hall on foot just as Jane Smith drove up in a taxi. Together the two girls went upstairs.

"Come on in," invited Lenora. "I'll give you your key."

They entered Lenora's room. The first thing that met Jane's eyes was the black tulle dress, flung over a chair. She gave it a passing glance and turned to Lenora.

"Well, what have you been doing with yourself while I've been gone?" she asked.

Lenora looked at her with wide-open eyes. "What do you see on that chair?" she asked.

"A black dress."

"Reeognize it?"

"No."

"Don't you know your own elothes when you see them?"

Jane went over to the chair and picked up the frock. "This isn't mine. I ordered a yellow one something like this at Lucy's. Did it come?"

"This black one came to your room. I needed a dress for the C. G. theatre party and I wore yours."

"The salesgirl sent me the wrong dress. Take this. I detest black." And with a hug Jane pushed the dress into Lenora's hands.

So ended the episode of the black tulle dress. Every time Lenora yearns for finery, she takes it down, examines it thoughtfully—and puts on a clean gingham!

ANNE KOLLER.



The Mysterious Light

MARY started for Bradleys' after supper to deliver some milk. On the way she had to pass the much-dreaded graveyard next the church.

When she arrived at the Bradleys she found there an old gentleman who had formerly lived in this little village, but who was now traveling around the world. Before going to South America, he had decided to stay for a while in his home town.

Mrs. Bradley asked Mary to stay to listen to the adventures of this old gentleman, and of course Mary stayed, stories being one of her weaknesses. Her interest became so deep that before she realized it, it had begun to get dark.

· With a hurried good-bye, she rushed off, thinking all the while of the graveyard. The more she thought of it, the more frightened she became,

and before long she was running.

When she neared the graveyard she stopped running. She had decided to walk by unconcernedly, so that if anything in the graveyard saw her, it would think she was very brave, and then perhaps would not touch her. With eyes staring straight ahead and ears strained for any sound, she walked on.

She had almost passed the church when she stopped. Her heart missed a beat. That light! She turned her head slightly. There again was the light, only a little higher. Where was it? That was the church, and the light was in the basement. Now it was moving from one side to the other, and now it had disappeared.

Then suddenly she remembered a story, told by a stranger who had stopped at her home. The story was of a light which appeared and disappeared, and at the same time went upward. The stranger had not stopped to investigate, but had gone away as soon as he could. The stranger had disappeared and the light story was never heard of again. In fact, some people believed that he had just been making up an exciting story.

Mary thought that perhaps this mysterious light was just a yearly occurrence, and that on this occasion fate had decided that she should have

the horror of seeing it.

The terrified girl looked at the ascending light. It had now reached the steeple tower. It went up a few feet more and then it stopped.—Out into the clear, cold night, a bell pealed!

Then Mary realized that the light was nothing more than the light which the old sexton carried up with him when he went to ring the curfew.

With a nervous laugh, Mary sat down to wait for the sexton and tell him the whole story. She wondered how it was that no one but the stranger and she had ever seen the light. Perhaps it was because so few people passed along that road at night.

Helga Maunus.

Ask Onija!

CAST

Mrs. William Gordon			. Newly-rieh Soeiety Woman
Mr. William Gordon			. Her Husband
Mrs. Anthony Kane			Friend
Jane			. Mrs. Gordon's Maid
John . ,			Mrs. Gordon's Butler

Scene 1

(Takes place in the breakfast room at the home of the newlyrieh Mr. Gordon.)

Mrs. G.—William, we really must do something about this servant problem. You know how awkward John, the butler, is. Why that night when aristoeratie Mrs. Vineent was here, actually he almost dropped her eoffee. I was so embarrassed, and I am sure she must have noticed it. Lately even Jane, my own maid, has been impertinent. I have always treated her just as well as I could treat a servant.

Mr. G.—Why don't you tell them to go instead of fussing about it to me? I have enough on my mind as it is.

Mrs. G.—You know yourself it is almost impossible to get servants. If I told them to go I should probably never get any more.

Mr. G.—Why do you have so much trouble with your servants? You never hear Mrs. Kane fussing about hers. Why don't you talk to her about it?

Mrs. G.—Well, no wonder, she has good servants; the butler never makes a mistake and her maid is perfect. Anyway, Mr. Kane knows the man who gets servants for people and he helped them choose the best ones. Why don't you get aequainted with some one like that? They are so useful.

Mr. G.—What! You expect me to go around trying to get acquainted with such low-down, vulgar people?

Mrs. G.—Well, you might at least treat them deeent once in a while and we wouldn't have to tell any of our friends about it.

Mr. G.—You must figure out your own servant problems. I will have nothing to do with it. I must go to the office. (Exit Mr. G.)

Mrs. G.—That's just the way it goes. William will never help me at all when I'm in trouble. He makes lovely suggestions, but when it eomes to earrying them out, he refuses. I think I shall go down town and select a new gown for the party Mrs. Vincent is going to give. (Rings bell. Enter servant.) John, have the ear brought to the door. I am going out.

John—Yes, Madam. (Exit.)

Scene II

(The following evening. Room in the Gordon home.)

Mrs. G.—William, it's all your fault, every bit. If you hadn't told me to let Jane go, she wouldn't have taken my diamond lavalliere and we wouldn't have had all this trouble and worry. (Enter servant.)

Servant—A lady on the phone to speak with Mrs. Gordon.

(Mrs. G. picks up phone on table near by.)

Mrs. G.—Yes——Oh, my dear Mrs. Kane, won't you come right over and bring your new ouija board with you?——How marvelous! Will it really tell all of that?——Come right over, we shall be delighted. (To her husband) Mrs. Kane is coming over and she is bringing her new ouija board. The man they bought it from said that it would tell absolutely everything asked it. (Enter servant.)

Servant-Mrs. Kane, Madam.

Mrs. G.—Bring her right in. (Enter Mrs. Kane.)

Mrs. G.—Good evening, Mrs. Kane. I am so glad you brought ouija. Please tell me how it works!

Mrs. K.—Two people sit with their fingers on the triangular-shaped piece and then they ask it a question, and immedaitely this triangle moves to different letters and answers the question.

Mrs. G.—Let's ask it what became of my lavalliere!

Mrs. K.—All right; that will be a good question.

Mrs. G.—Ouija, what became of my diamond lavalliere? (Silenee for a few moments). Why it's actually moving. What is it going to say? Why it's a J. Then I know it was Jane. William, we will have to have her arrested at once. You go call a detective.

Mr. G.—Well, of eourse, if you really think so. (Exit Mr. G.)

Mrs. G.—I intend to get a ouija board at onee. It is wonderful.

Mrs. K.—Mrs. Gordon, you must have psychie power, for it moves so soon and so true. (Enter Mr, G.)

Mr. G.—The detective will be here at once to talk to you and find out all the details.

Mrs. K.—Well, I really must go. 1 do hope everything is settled satisfactorily. (Exit Mrs. \dot{K} .)

Scene HI

(The next day. Home of Mrs. Gordon. Enter Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Kane.)

Mrs. K.—Did your interview with the detective prove satisfactory? Mrs. G.—Well, yes; he said that there was not enough evidence yet to arrest her, but that will be very easy to secure. She is followed everywhere

she goes and every suspicious movement is investigated. Poor Jane, it really is too bad, but you know this sort of thing must be stopped.

Mrs. K.—Yes, of eourse it must be stopped. Perhaps if she is punished it will be an example to others like her. I expect you are going to the party Mrs. Vincent is giving this afternoon?

Mrs. G.—Yes, I am going. I have a new gown I would like to have you see. (Rings bell. Enter servant.) Bring my new gown please. (Exit maid.) (Later, enter maid with gown.)

Maid—Pardon, Madam, but I found this eaught in the lace on your black jet-eovered dress.

(Mrs. G. and Mrs. K. look aghast at what the maid has in her hand.)

Mrs. G.—My lavalliere!—Well, Mrs. Kane, the next time you suggest a means to find some lost article, please be a little eareful what it is. I knew Jane wouldn't think of taking my lavalliere. The idea!

Mrs. K.—Mrs. Gordon, you know you asked me to bring ouija over here yourself and when it said J, you just took it for granted that it meant Jane. It probably meant jet for it was on your black jet dress!

(Enter Mrs. G. with Jane and Detectives.)

Det.—Madam, we are unable to find any evidence against this young lady. Her belongings have been searched and nothing was found.

Mr. G.—Are you sure you haven't misplaced it yourself?

Jane—I assure you I did not take your lavalliere. I do not care for jewelry, and my wages were sufficient for all my needs. There was really no reason for me to take it.

Mrs. G.—There has been a great mistake. I just found the lavalliere fastened on a dress and of eourse, since it is found, no harm has been done. Everything is all right. I beg your pardon, Jane. (Nodding to the detectives) My husband will pay you.

Curtain.

VIVIAN BROWN.

A Cook and an Aunt

NE fine afternoon Ethel gave herself a holiday. She had just been elected president of the Student Body in her school. Since this new honor had been bestowed upon her, her head had gone through a swelling process. Her mother and father were greatly worried over her new airs and attitudes.

Servants should be taught their places! This was her attitude at home. She had lived up to this belief the last few days, and had practised it so faithfully that the eook who had been with them for two years had left without giving even a day's notice. The maid had agreed to remain only after a five-dollar increase had been made to her wages.

Mrs. Houston, Ethel's mother, was expecting the new cook and her husband's sister. She had planned to be at hand to meet the new arrivals,

but was unexpectedly called to attend a special meeting of the Woman's Club, of which she was a conscientious member. After giving her daughter many instructions for receiving the two, a very anxious Mrs. Houston left the house. She had impressed upon her daughter the necessity of being polite to the new cook, whose services had been hard to obtain. There was no need to give her directions for receiving her aunt. Mrs. Houston had only to mention that the aunt was a very wealthy woman.

After her mother left, Ethel settled herself before the window, where she could get a good view of the front entrance. In a short while she had rehearsed in her mind her dignified reception of the cook, and the gracious greeting to her wealthy aunt, whon she had never seen. She had just finished bowing her aunt into the house, when she saw a neatly dressed little woman carrying a bag come up the walk. When the doorbell rang, Ethel answered, and in a very majestic manner instructed her to go to the back door. The little woman looked surprised, but before she could say anything the door had closed on her.

"Maybe she does receive wages high enough to dress well, but even at that I'll show her she's not our equal," thought Ethel to herself.

Fifteen minutes later Ethel was again at the door, this time to receive a flashily dressed woman who had alighted from a taxi. Her manner was apologetic and gracious.

"Mother has been unexpectedly called away, and Daddy must have been detained, for I am sure he intended to meet you," she said, as she led the woman in.

Just come upstairs and I will show you your room and bring you some tea, and you can rest till Mother comes. You must be very tired after your journey," she hurried on, without giving the other a chance to answer. "Here is your room, take your things off and I will run down and send up your tea."

With these words Ethel ran downstairs, unaware of the fact that she had not given her aunt a chance to put in a word. She was too busy wondering whether she were making a good impression.

As she closed the door, the woman placed her hands on her hips and

said: "Wal, if dis ain't the beat! The foinest place I hit yet!"

In the meanwhile Ethel slipped into the kitchen and knocked on the door of the new cook's room. In a rather timid but sweet manner the new cook opened the door and politely asked Ethel to come in.

Ethel drew back haughtily and said, "I should like to have you make some tea and take it upstairs. I'll show you where the things are."

Certainly, my dear," responded the new cook with alacrity.

Ethel was surprised and angry. She banged the tea things down on the table, and after giving a few directions for preparation of the tray, left the

Ten minutes later, as Ethel was leading the way upstairs followed by the cook, who carried the tray, the door opened and Mrs. Houston walked

"My dear Lillian, how are you! I'm so sorry I was not here when you

eame. Ethel, do take this tray!" And before Ethel's astonished eyes her mother and the eook embraeed each other.

As the women talked exeitedly, the truth dawned upon Ethel—this was her aunt; the eook was perhaps this moment resting in the guest room. Ethel let the tray drop to the floor, and sat down on the steps and buried her face in her hands.

"Why, Ethel, what is the matter?" eried Mrs. Houston in surprise.

Very meekly Ethel told her story. Her mother was very much shoeked but her aunt, having a keen sense of humor, soon made both Ethel and he mother see the funny side of the situation.

"Well, Mother," said Ethel, "you will never again have eause to eomplain of my treatment of the servants."

But this was one time a eook was too well treated. When it was explained to her that her room was a less luxurious one, off the kitchen, she put her hands on her hips and exelaimed:

"Wal, if dis aint the beat! I quit right now!"

HELMA ERICKSON.

Ivanhoe

"Ivanhoe" is a story
Of a Saxon knight of old,
Who was banished for a loving maid
With hair as yellow as gold.

He went to the Holy Lands To fight in the Holy War, He won much fame and honor, Whieh made the Templar sore.

After five years of battle He again returned to his home, Renewed his love for Rowena And vowed no more to roam.

This knight was wounded sore In a tourney fight one day, But was nursed back to life and health By Rebecca, I'm glad to say.

This story ends as all do
About these warriors bold—
He marries one—breaks the other's heart—
Now everything is told.

RUBY GULLICKSON.

The Straw That Broke the Camel's Back

must load my camel to get to Next-Week's-Lessons," said Burdened Student. "Here on his back I have the Antimony straws, the Arsenic straws, and the Bismuth straws of Chemistry. Beside them are the straws of Parlez-vous-français, and three straw Verbs. On this side I have the Outline of Salesmanship straw. All these straws must be taken to the House of Today.

"Then I must go to the House of Tomorrow, and as I shall have no time to load my camel tomorrow, I must put it all on today. Here is room for a Silicon straw of Chemistry. There I can squeeze in a straw Page of Translation. Here I must get on the Essay on Matches straw.

"Oh, oh, oh! My camel is trembling! What can be the matter? He had his breakfast, dinner, and supper. Ah! he slowly steadies himself. Perhaps he has only had a chill. Well, I must put on my straws of Literary Digest Readings. There is very little room left on the back of my camel; nevertheless, I must put on a Bibliography and Clippinger's Rules.

"Dear me! the animal looks frightfully worried! Well, I shall put on one last straw and off we shall go, and then perhaps he will be all right.

"Oh-h-h-h," groaned Burdened Student.

Beside him lay a camel, apparently exhausted.

"What is the trouble?" asked Merciless Teacher.

"I have broken my camel's back," wailed Burdened Student. "I put on that last straw, an Original Poem."

The camel breathed his last, and Burdened Student sank into the Sands of Utter Despair.

THEODORA JACOBS.

It's a Bear!

HEN they reached the path that led to the river, Jen and Bill uneonseiously took it. After a minute's walk they came out upon the banks of the swimmin' hole, and gazed discontentedly at its sparkling surface. Just look at the little skippers enjoying themselves!

Finally Bill could stand it no longer. He began to undress hastily—the wood at home could wait. Jen eyed him reproachfully, but at once began to follow suit. In a moment they were both ready for the swim. Whooping and hollering, they ran for the springboard—one jump, and oh!

such a delightful sensation!

Jen and Bill had solemnly resolved to stay in only a little while, and then get dressed and hurry home, but they awakened with a start to the realization that the sun would soon be down and it would be twilight before they could get baek. They scrambled out of the water onto the bank, intending to dress hurriedly and be off, but—

"Jen, it's a bear!" exclaimed Bill.

"Y-yes, I see it—and it's tearing our clothes. What shall we do?"

"Oh, it's only Noodles, Jack Harris' pet. Come, Noodles, niee Noodles," eooed Bill, as he stepped slowly toward the bear. "You remember menow, don't you?"

Only an answering growl greeted his endeavor to make friends.

"That's not a nice way to treat a guy. Let us have our elothes. Go away."

Another much louder growl caused Bill to step back hastily to his ehum.

"Shall I throw something at it?" asked Jen, as he pieked up a stick. "That might make it run off so we could have our clothes."

"Yes, maybe you'd better. She'll have all those things torn to pieces in a minute."

Jen threw the stick, hitting the bear on the back. Noodles, nosing amongst the clothes, raised her head with a start, catching some suspenders around her neek, and started off, dragging Bill's trousers with her. Bill ehased her, shouting, but she scurried into the underbrush where he eould not follow. He returned to find Jen standing over the remains of the clothing.

"Well, she did make a elean-up, Bill; look at this," said Jen, holding up a pair of tattered trousers. "Now, what will ma say? I don't care, let's get dressed in what we have. I know a short cut home, so we ean hurry.

A minute later two half-clothed boys ran down the path. They ran in silence for half a mile. Jen paused to regain his breath and to get his bearings.

"I don't remember seeing this place before. We must be on the wrong one. But let's go farther and I might see something I do remember. It will soon be dark and we must hurry."

The path at this point was overgrown with shrubbery and vines, which

were crushed as if someone had recently walked over them. The boys picked their way thru carefully, but even so, both of them were scratched by the prickly thorns. The shadows were deepening and the woods were growing black.

Finally Jen said in an anxious voice, "Bill, I guess we are in the wrong one for sure. We should have reached the main road quite a while ago. We can't go back now, because it is so far. I wish I knew where we are,

so we could cut across country and reach the road."

As he said this, they pushed into a clearing. In the center was a small log house, nearly hidden by shrubbery. The boys stared at it open-mouthed.

"I didn't know there was a house around here like that!" exclaimed Bill. "Let's go look at it." They started for the cabin.

"Nobody lives here, that's one thing. I doubt if there's even a door."

"Oh, here's a door!" cried Bill.

They pushed on it and finally, with a creak, it opened, disclosing to them a small room with a fireplace at the far end. On one side was a door, which, upon further investigation, was found to lead into a smaller room containing a stove and a roughly made table and chair.

It was so dark by this time that the boys could hardly discern any object in the room. Groping his way to the fireplace, Bill found a box a third full of matches. Jen picked up a few dry boards and some pieces of paper which were strewn around the floor. Soon they had a warm fire.

They found a couple of boxes and sat down before the blaze.

"I suppose we'll have to stay here all night. We can't go home now because it is too late and dark. Ma'll be worried into cat-fits. Say, I don't like this place very well; it makes chills creep up and down my spine!"

"What's that?" Bill said, with a jump.

Their faces were as white as death as they sat rigid, waiting for something to follow. But there was nothing.

This scare reminded them of stories their fathers had told about "a haunted house in the woods in a place where you must just stumble on it to find it."

"Bill," whispered Jen in a strained voice. "I bet this is the haunted house."

"That's just what I was thinking," answered Bill in the same way.

"But we can't go home now, we don't know the way. That noise sounded like the wind, anyway," he continued in a brave attempt to convince himself.

"Maybe that's what it was," agreed Jen, yawning. "I'm so sleepy, but I can't go to sleep in this house. Let's lie down anyway."

The boys curled up before the fireplace, snuggling close together. It was only a few minutes until both were fast asleep. There were just a few glowing coals left in the fire, and these soon died out, leaving the place in utter darkness, except for the moonlight streaming across the floor.

The hours dragged on, and the clock in the village steeple was just

striking two. But little did time matter to these weary boys. Crash! A noise like the impact of some heavy body against the wall broke in upon the stillness of the night. Jen awoke with a start and sat up, listening intently. A soft rubbing sound followed. By this time he had become thoroughly frightened. He shook Bill. The latter awoke and sat up, sleepily rubbing his eyes. "Whatchawant?"

"Bill, did you hear that noise?" asked Jen. Bill was wide awake at this.

Jen motioned to him to be quiet and listen. A sound of the crackling of the bushes outside the house came to their strained ears.

"Let's get out of this place quick. We can hunt around until we find the road."

More rustling of twigs and leaves followed. Bill made a run for the door, jerking it open, and out across the clearing he sped, followed by Jen. They hardly stopped for breath. About an hour later they stumbled upon the road. It was with much lighter hearts that they wended their way homeward. Now they could talk.

"The folks went to Mrs. Jones' for the dance, so I don't suppose they're home yet. I wonder what time it is?"

They came in sight of the house. It stood out harsh and distinct against the blue-black of the mountains.

"If we hurry and get in bed, the folks won't know we've been gone," said Bill.

A few minutes later two tired and hungry boys were fast asleep again. Next morning they came downstairs late for breakfast, but everything was late because of last night's festivities. Bill and Jen silently took their places.

Bill's big brother was telling of Jack Harris' experiences the night before. It seemed that his pet bear, Noodles, had wandered away from the farm, the family not noticing her absence till just before time for the dance. Jack had been hunting her since then. About half past four he had found her in the old "haunted house." Somehow the door had been left open so that she could enter the cabin and make herself at home.

During this recital Jen and Bill listened attentively. At the close they glanced sheepishly at one another. To think it was only Noodles who had frightened them so!

But no one elsc should ever know about the "Ghost of the Haunted House."

M. B. '22.

Loading the Ark

(From the memoirs of Captain H. S. Boy.)

NE day, many years ago, when I was about eighteen, I awoke with a start, and saw printed on the wall in letters of light, the warning that a terrible flood called Examination was to come upon Highschooldom and that I and my relatives were to be saved on one condition: that we build an ark called the Brain of a High School Boy, to be filled with one of each of the animals in the kingdom of High School.

We started preparations for the deluge; but we were delayed in building the ark, and were terrified to find it empty two days before the flood. We set to work with a vigor I have never seen surpassed. All night and all day we worked, capturing the animals and putting them on the ark. First we had to capture and put into the ark a geometric lion. These lions were very ferocious and overcame whole crowds of the people of Highschooldom. After a fierce struggle we captured one of the beasts and put him on board. Our next great struggle was with the tigers from the province of Latin. These animals were noted for the ease with which they baffled every attack of High School men. They were so strong that no rope we had could hold them. We finally captured one of them, however, and dragged him aboard by tying ponies to him with cables.

The terrible English snake was our next problem. He had the strength of the Latin Tiger with the cunning of the Chemistry Fox. We could devise no plan which would enable us to capture him. But at last we tried desperate measures. When he got close enough we cut off his tail with a battle-axe. This we brought on board. We were doubtful whether this fulfilled the conditions stated in the warning, but it was all we could do and we hoped for the best.

After many other struggles, we finally got on the ark a second or two before the flood came. The storm was terrific. The wind howled, but our little ark ran bravely before it. Then the animals began to fight. The lion and the tiger had a battle royal. The snake's tail flipped a few times and died completely. All the animals roared. Finally 1 dropped dead away and let the ark go where it would.

James Powers.



Fishing on the Columbia

Many a brave old fisherman

Has begun his task once more,
Many young and many old

Now push out from the shore.

We see the boats go drifting by
In an almost encless row,
Over the white-eapped waves they bounce
While the fresh sea breezes blow.

Many a perilous night may come When all the sea gods rave; Many will fight the terrific storm, Some may find a grave.

Day after day and night after night
With the wind and the storm they race,
While danger may hide in every wave,
Not showing his terrible face.

Sometimes with heavy minds they tell
Of bad luck and hopes that fade,
Again in cheerful mood they speak
Of the pleasant trips they have made

Thus the brave old fishermen

Toil hard all summer long,

Their hearts filled with eourage,

And on their lips a song.

Alma Sarpola.

A Query

A robin swaying high in a tree
Sang this song, so joyous was he:
Spring has come! Spring has come!
T'weet, T'weet, to his mate sang he,
We must be busy—so busy be,
And hasten to build our summer home.

T'weet, T'weet, the winter has fled, So we have nothing to fear, he said. Spring has eome—happy are we— So bring sweet grasses, our nest to line, Search garden and field for all things fine, T'weet, T'weet, T'weet,

O, Birdie, Birdie, who told you so
That gone from earth were the ice and snow?
Did you guess it—oh, tell me why?
Did the south winds whisper it as they blow,
Or the sweet buds bursting tell you so—
Or came your knowledge from the sky?

Where were you all the cold, cold days?
And did you sing those lilting lays,
Or were you very, very sad?
Did hope grow dim, did time seem long?
Did your feathers droop, did you hush your song,
Or were you then, as now, so glad?

Now we know, too, because you're here, That Spring has eome, and summer's near; We do not care tho we have no elue From whence you come or how you know That winter's gone and gone's the snow—Still we're glad to welcome you.

FLORENCE HOAGLAND.

Athletics





Hootball

THE god of bad luck seemed to be directing every effort we made this year to turn out a football team. Difficulties were encountered in getting a coach and a field. After being disappointed by two coaches, we finally obtained the services of Dick Grant, who proved a fine man, and a fellow among the fellows. The field problem still faced us. At last we were forced to reconcile ourselves to playing on the sand lots. Because of these disadvantages, we could play only two games during the season. Much credit is due the fellows who turned out under the bad conditions, so that we might have a team of some sort.

By next year we hope to have the promised athletic field on school property. Then watch us!

BENSON POLYTECHNIC 7. A. H. S. 0.

If you missed the Benson-Astoria game, November 15, you surely missed a real fight, a fight of grit and inexperience against skill and training. Benson had played about eight games in the Portland Interscholastic League, while our team was in its first battle. We did well to hold them to one touchdown. Benson won by the aerial route, a completed pass giving them the touchdown.

In the first half both sides battled to a draw, Benson trying time after time to break our line by line bucks, but failing to score. Astoria was right on edge, fighting every minute. Line plunges, cross tackle buck, and end runs all met with the same reception. First half ended Benson 0, Astoria 0.

Benson changed her method of attack in the second half to the aerial route. Coach Bryan had his boys play heavy on his special shift, known as "end back shift." A completed pass to their lanky right tackle, who was then end man on the line, put Benson within striking distance of our goal. Benson scored a touchdown and kicked goal, making the score Benson 7, Astoria 0.

LINCOLN HIGH 13. A. H. S. 0,

Both sides displayed fine sportsmanship and clean playing. Astoria fought hard, everyone admits, but she lost because of inexperience.

November 22, Lincoln High of Portland came down to play us our second game. Hard practice the week before had put our boys in fine condition. On the defense our team was a stone wall, but it was unable to score against the more experienced team. Lincoln worked her famous aerial

attack for one touchdown, after numerous attempts at completing a pass had failed. The Portlanders, the victorious, went home with the realization that Astoria had a strong defensive team. An unusual feature of this game was that two former Astoria football men were on Lincoln's team.

More men, more practice, more games, a better field should bring us more glory next year.

C. N. '20.







Basketball

The Astoria High School basketball team, with most of the old men back, had an unusually successful season. The local aggregation, having defeated all the teams in the Lower Columbia River District, was the unanimous choice of the State Basketball Association to represent this district in the State Tournament at Salem.

This year's squad was composed of the following players:

Forwards—Dick Tennant, Einar Carlson and Barney Wallace. Centers—Fred Harrison (Captain) and Max Hurlbutt.

Guards-Mel Anderson, Allen Mooers and Eugene Younce.

Of these men Tennant, Carlson, Wallace and Harrison will be back to form a nucleus for next year's team. In Mel Anderson, Max Hurlbutt and Allen Mooers the team loses three men who will be hard to replace

Allen Mooers the team loses three men who will be hard to replace.

E. B. White, physical director of the Y. M. C. A., was secured to coach the team. He introduced the Bohler system of passing, which proved a puzzle for the opposing teams. The managerial position was occupied by Isaac Pouttu, and by Byron Wallace, who succeeded to the position when Pouttu left school. Much credit is due these two for the games which they arranged. It is safe to say that the returns from the basketball games will exceed the debts, a condition which in former years was considered almost Utopian in the local school. Splendid crowds filled the gym to capacity at every game.

A summary of the games played this season follows:

A. H. S. 32. ILWACO 13.

The opening game of the season was played in the A. H. S. gym, December 20, with Ilwaco High School. As it was the first game, the playing of Astoria was decidedly ragged. However, our boys easily defeated the Washingtonians.



Mocers

Wallace

Anderson

Carlson



White

Tennant

Harrison

Younce

Hurlbutt

A. H. S. 32. NETEL GRANGE 9.

A large crowd turned out for the second contest, which was played on the local floor with the farmer boys from the Lewis and Clark district. The game was Astoria's from whistle to whistle.

A H. S. 88. CLATSKANIE 6.

The third game, played in the High School gym, was a walk-away, as the score indicates. The Clatskanie team came down with the reputation of being good "basketeers." However, when they trotted out on the maple, the Astoria fans wore a smile, and that smile broadened when Einar and Max began to "shoot 'em in" as fast as they came. The defense of the upriver men was of no avail, while Anderson and Younce, the local guards, held the Clatskanie forwards to six tries at the basket, two of which they made.

This game was the first of the Lower Columbia District triangle, Astoria, Rainier and Clatskanie, the winner in which series represents the district in the State Tournament at Salem.

A. H. S. 42. RAYMOND 9.

On January 24, the local aggregation played the high school team of Raymond, Washington. It was the first time these teams had met. The local boys entered the game with Hurlbutt out of the line-up. Nevertheless, their perfect teamwork was again in evidence, and the boys from the North were unable to stop the phenomenal shooting of Carlson and Tennant.

A. H. S. 52. SEASIDE BOOSTERS 12.

The first out-of-town game was with the Seaside Boosters. Playing against a team of old stars, the defenders of the Purple and Gold, by their perfect teamwork, were victorious.

A. H. S. 26. ILWACO 28.

The greatest setback for the local team was the close defeat handed them by Ilwaeo, whom Astoria so decisively defeated earlier in the season. The game was played at Ilwaeo. The Astoria boys were crippled by the loss of Harrison, Mooers and Hurlbutt, who were down with the "flu." The game was very close.

A. H. S. vs SALEM.

Having defeated Rainier and Clatskanie, the Astoria bunch went to the State Tournament at Salem to defend the honor of the Lower Columbia District. The teams drew lots to determine with whom they were to play. Fate decided that Astoria should battle with Salem High School, considered the best in the State.

In the first half the local boys seemed lost, and their playing was loose and ragged. Salem ran up a large score. In the second half, however, the local boys woke up and played the Capital team to a standstill. But it was too late for a rally, and Salem won.

Salem High later won the State Championship from Lincoln High of Portland.

A. H. S. 20. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY II.

The successful conclusion of a successful season came on March 17 when the local aggregation defeated Columbia University of Portland. With the famous George Dewey as coach, and with a victory over the best team in Portland to their credit, the "fighting Freshmen" were a bunch worthy of consideration. The Astorians took the lead during the first half, but Columbia came back in the last session and came within two points of the locals' score. At this point Mooers was put in the game, and with his added pep, Anderson's guarding, and Carlson's shooting, the Astoria boys ran away from Columbia. Douglas starred for the "U." Dawson also played a good game. This game was the best played on the local floor this year.

With a record of seven games won and two lost, the local boys have put away their suits for the season. At a meeting of the letter men on March 23, Fred Harrison was re-cleeted captain for the 1920-21 season.

The basketball men and fans extend their thanks to Adolph Heisig, who efficiently referred all the games, and accompanied the boys on their trips.

JOHN GARNER.



Girls' Baskethall



The girls' basketball team was organized under the direction of Miss Noreene Clowes, instructor in physical training. Louise Leinenweber was elected manager and Helen Glanz captain. The team was somewhat handicapped by having to play girls' rules on a three-court floor. However, they made a good showing. Practice was held Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Good turnouts gave the girls a chance for excellent experience.

Only two games were played, both of which were with Union High School of Seaside. The first game was played at Seaside, and resulted in a score of 15 to 8 in favor of the Astoria team. The second game was played in the Astoria High gym, and ended in a score of 17 to 0 in favor of the home bunch.

The following girls played in both games: Hannah Urell and Fanny Urell, forwards; Petra Johnson, center; Frances Leinenweber, side center; Helen Glanz and Louise Leinenweber, guards.

Louise Leinenweber.



An All-Star Baskethall Team

After eareful eonsideration, a basketball team has been selected from this High School which is eonsidered the best in the eity, if not in the State.

All hail, "Heinie" Dunean, the greatest forward that ever tripped down the floor! Although very frail and slender, "Heinie" is a terror on the offense. In the game against the Penitentiary, he made fifteen points, thereby praetically winning the game single-handed. Dunean is a graduate of the Holy Names Academy, and it was here that he learned the rudiments of the game of which he is destined to become one of the greatest exponents. Henry is so small that he is very hard to guard, and in the practice game against the High School, he made Fred Harrison look like five cents in a New York eafe.

At right forward is stationed Fred Voss, a short, husky youngster whose rough, rushing taeties keep spectators on their feet most of the time. Time and again "Veddie" dribbles down the floor, bowling his opponents right and left, and then, to erown his suecess, he jumps up on "Ki" Hildebrand's shoulders and drops the ball into the basket. In the High School game Fred enjoyed the limelight for a brief period when he smashed Max Hurlbutt to the floor with a solid solar plexus to the eyebrow.

The eenter position on this mythical all-star aggregation is occupied by Arthur Hildebrand, better known by his many admirers as "Jazz," "Shorty" or "Ki." Of all the boys who ever donned the jersey and suctionsoles, "Ki" stands the highest. There is little comment to make on the wonderful playing of "Jazz," He has been the backbone of any team on which he has ever played, and only once has he lost his temper. That was in the memorable game against the Insane Asylum, when "Shorty" dashed against a kleptomaniae named Heeza Thief, and knocked him cold. A chorus of angry shouts came from the lunatics gallery. One shouted to "Ki," "We'll get you up here to take Heeza's place."

Captain "Rat" Wertheimer held down the left guard position thruout last season. Weighing two hundred pounds in his stocking feet, "Rat" was a terror on the defense. Time and again he leapt fifteen feet into the air and eaught the ball as it was speeding with its message of vietory toward the enemy's basket. "Rat's" squirrel-like anties were frequently received with showers of nuts from the audience. Ralph is a fighter from whistle to

whistle. He is continually disputing the referee's decisions. On one occasion the "ref" became so angry that he struck at "Wert." "Rat" gently lifted him in his arms and carried him to the showers where he might cool off. Because of his wonderful headwork, Wertheimer was the unanimous choice for captain of this wonderful, well-balanced team.

Last, and also least, we have Cecil Matson. "Cec" was the surprise of the season. Coming into High School only last February, he immediately donned a basketball suit, and in less than five minutes, by his spectacular playing, he had the right guard position cinched. Can anyone imagine a guard holding Einar Carlson down to one basket? Well, this is exactly what Cecil did, and in one game he made a reputation which will forever live in the hearts of the Freshmen.

Beyond doubt, this is the most perfectly balanced team that ever trotted on the maple. With Duncan dropping them in from every angle, Voss dashing madly down the sidelines, "Ki" shooting one in from the middle of the floor, "Rat" knocking the tar out of Mel Anderson, and Cecil smothering Einar Carlson in his long arms—what chance has any opposing team?

JOHN GARNER.



A Vision of Next Year

A S I sat nodding over my lessons, I saw a strange vision. A group of strong athletes, it appeared, were standing before a portly gentleman on the steps of the Building of Preparatory Learning. The athletes who comprised the Team Excellent, were receiving their last instructions from the man, whose name was Earl of Knowledge.

A hush fell on the group as he said, "Go forth, my men, thru the wilderness of Primary Competition, and find the Castle of Finals. In this castle lies the Golden Urn. Go forth, and bring back the coveted prize."

The Team Excellent departed.

Into the wilderness of Primary Competition plunged Team Excellent. Soon they eame to a high rocky cliff from which hung a solitary beanstalk. Up this Team Excellent elimbed, reaching the top in safety. At their heels came Team Heavy. Under their weight, the stalk broke, and Team Heavy fell to the bottom.

A little farther on Team Excellent came to the Slough of Defeat. Here they found Team Boastful barring the way. After a sharp, decisive struggle, the former crossed the Slough, leaving Team Boastful wallowing in Defeat.

After a short time Team Excellent found the Castle of Finals in a peaceful green meadow. Passing thru the portals, they found many strange teams searching high and low for the Golden Urn. After many encounters and combats, Team Excellent reached the topmost pinnacle of the eastle, where they found the precious Golden Urn.

In their possession the prize safely reached their Institution of Preparatory Learning, where it was taken under the care of the Earl of Knowledge.

HENRY NELSON





Assemblies

STORIA High students heard a number of instructive and interesting speakers during the year. Among those of note who addressed the student body were: Rev. W. B. Hinson, pastor of the East Side Baptist ehurch in Portland; Miss Agnes Hill, of Caleutta, India; Mr. Smith Stimmel, the only living member of President Lineoln's famous mounted bodyguard; Mrs. Lampson, Armenian by birth; Rev. W. S. Gilbert; W. H. Goodenough of the Astoria Pulp and Paper Company; Attorneys Mott and Robison; Professor Brumbaugh, head of the Department of Psychology at O. A. C.; Dean Morton and Professor Almaek of U. of O

Rev. W. B. Hinson gave a heart-to-heart talk on "Men."

Mr. Smith Stimmel addressed the students on February 11. He told a number of stories of the life of Lineoln which brought out the character and kindness of the great emancipator.

Mrs. Lampson gave a very interesting lecture on conditions in Armenia. She told of the bravery of Armenian women and girls in their fight against

the Turk.

Miss Hill, recently of India, where she did educational work for the Y. W. C. A., told of social conditions in the Orient, and of the opportunity they offer the worker who wishes to spread oecidental ideas.

Major Gilbert addressed the students on Washington's birthday. He told of his experience in France searching for Lafayette's tomb. Lafayette, he said, should always receive his share of tribute on Washington's birthday.

Attorney Robison spoke in the interest of the Civie Center.

Mr. Mott spoke on "Bolshevism and Thrift," showing how bolshevism

is promoted by extravaganee.

Professor Brumbaugh spoke about "Things that fit together and belong together, things that fit together but do not belong together, and things which neither fit together nor belong together and should be kept apart. His humorous treatment of the serious subject of "relationships" was hugely enjoyed. At the elose of his talk Mr. Brumbaugh urged the neeessity of passing the Millage Bill

Just before the Christmas vacation some prominent alumni talked to the student body on the benefits of a university education, and the merits of Oregon's eolleges. Brewer Billie, Otto Herman and Joe Dyer boosted

O. A. C., and DeWitt Gilbert spoke a good word for U. of O. On the Wednesday before Easter, Miss Dorothy Wootton, an alumna now attending U. of O., ealled attention to the lamentable lack of funds for the upkeep of the State educational institutions, and made an appeal for support of the millage tax measures.

Home Economics

This year Home Economics has become one of the most important of the departments. The advance of the domestic science and art work is due largely to Mrs. Gertrude M. Strange, director of the work, who besides being a good cook, is recognized as an excellent teacher and manager. The School Board has co-operated by making a number of necessary improvements in the arrangement and equipment of the home economics rooms.

The girls in domestic science classes have done a great deal outside of their regular class work, preparing and serving luncheon for fifteen teachers each day, besides giving special faculty and board luncheons in the Breakfast Room.

The cooking classes established a record that will be hard to beat: not a single "burn-up" or failure occurred during the year. The dishes prepared included everything from potatoes to French pastry.

The girls in the sewing section of the department made nearly all of their own dresses during the year, and received many compliments on the neatness and style of the garments.

Next year Mrs. Strange intends to bring her department to the highest point of efficiency. A campaign is planned to secure money to provide new china and other equipment.

It is expected that a larger number of girls will be enrolled next year than ever before. Also there is talk of organizing a boys' cooking class. Keen rivalry between chefs and chefesses should add interest to the domestic science work. Will the girls hold their own?

Wednesday Sings

Wednesday morning singing periods come as a break in the monotony of study, recite, study, recite, and so on ad infinitum. They give the overburdened a blessed opportunity to pour out their wrongs in soulful sound. We like 'em!

The idea of having the weekly singing period originated with Miss Adelaide Dampiere, city supervisor of music, and it is under her direction that the singing is conducted. The purchase of song books early in the year with the proceeds of "The Gypsy Rover" made assembly singing possible. The A. H. S. has come to know and enjoy many of the songs in the Academy collection. "Litoria" and "Wake, Freshmen, Wake!" are "old favorites."

The Wednesday morning programs have included besides the assembly singing, vocal and instrumental solos by talented students and by outsiders who have graciously given their time.

The singing period has become the most popular period of the week,

and it is understood that it will be a permanent feature of our school program. There will be student protest if it is discontinued, and we suspect that our august faculty would also regret the loss of this opportunity to "clear their pipes."

The Line Mires

What would our school be if it were not for the ever-ready, alert, well-organized group of students known as the "Live Wires"? It is this little company that carry student activities thru to financial success. They are given the pleasant task of raising money thru the sale of tickets. They also advertise to the public all school entertainments. All credit to them! The following students served this year: Room 3, Gladys Bell; Room 4, Harry Lyon: Room 5, Eddic Kaitera; Room 8, Eugene Younce; Room 9, Allen Mooers; Room 11, Wainer Anderson; Room 13, Frances Leinenweber; Room 16, Ralph Wertheimer; Room 19, Forrest Smith; Room 20, Fred Harrison; Room 21, Charles Smith.

Armenian Relief Fund

On March 13, the girls of the High School sold tags for the benefit of the Armenian Relief Fund. Miss Wootton was appointed captain. The eity was divided into three sections and a corps of girls worked in each. The amount received from the sale of the tags exceeded \$495. Other subscriptions from the school amounted to over \$30. However, the student body did not consider this sum large enough, and so a fifty-dollar Liberty Bond was given from our treasury, making a total of \$576 contributed by this school or given thru its efforts.

Armistice Day

We observed Armistiee Day with a rousing assembly. The principal speaker was Mr. James W. Palmer, of the local Y. M. C. A., who gave an inspiring talk on the meaning of Armistice Day. Carl Josephson, in a short talk on the feelings of the "Gobs" when the armistice was signed, gave the personal touch to the patriotic observance.

After the speaking Mr. Earl requested all the ex-service men to rise. The students who responded were: Carl Josephson, Jefferson Nelson, Harry Lyon, John Bell and Alexander Nelson.

Commencement

PLANS for the commencement exercises are not yet completed, but it is known that they will be somewhat different from those of former years. In contrast to previous custom, the class will march to the stage from the rear of the auditorium. The girls will appear in white, carrying arm bouquets of the class flower.

A unique part of the program will be the singing by the class of the elass song, written by John Trullinger and Florence Griffin. Just before the diplomas are presented, the students who are graduating will give the elass pledge and the flag salute.

Mr. J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of public instruction, is to deliver the class address. Special music, instrumental and vocal, will be

provided.

Immediately after the exercises the graduates will have an opportunity to meet their friends and relatives at a reception to be held in the high school gymnasium.

The Dean

As Dean of Girls Miss Badollet is working wonders in our school. She is always ready to help, and the girls' rest rooms are at one's service at any time. The dean's rooms are very cheerful and inviting, mainly because of Miss Badollet's cheerful and helpful presence.

It is safe to say that many absences have been prevented because of the rest rooms, where little ills can be attended to. During thirty-eight days this term, two hundred and twenty girls, or an average of six girls a day, have either gone to Miss Badollet for some help or have made use of both the dean's help and the rest rooms. The dean has bandaged dozens of fingers, and it is agreed that she does it as well as a doctor and as tenderly as a mother. She has advised some girls who have come to her about matters which have perplexed them. She has encouraged others who have dropped down in their studies. A few girls she has spoken to about conduct, and a few others about their manner of dress. Some boys have also had her help.

The girls of A. H. S. are indeed fortunate in having a dean, and one who is so well fitted as Miss Badollet for the position she holds.

E. S. '20.



Prizes

A STORIA High School students have taken honors in several contests this year. A number entered the Oregon Products essay contest conducted by the Associated Industries of Oregon in February. The winners of the four prizes were Maurine Buchanan, John Garner, Anne Koller and Henrietta Hansen. The first prize was ten dollars.

The student body entered the national army essay eontest en masse. Prizes were offered by the loeal merehants. Henry Nelson won the first prize, twenty dollars, donated by the Astoria Savings Bank. Anne Koller was second and Emil Berg third.

A paper by Elsie Jaeobson was submitted as the entry from this school in the navy essay contest.

As The Zephyrus goes to press, it is not known whose paper will be offered from our sehool in the "Know Oregon First" essay eontest, which is being eonducted by the Oregon Council of English. The paper will deal with some phase of local history.

Miking Club

A Hiking Club was formed by the girls in March under the supervision of Miss Clowes, the girls' physical director. The following officers were elected: Helen Glanz, president; Louise Leinenweber, vice-president; Imogene Meserve, secretary-treasurer.

A committee was appointed to draw up the plans for the hikes. The following were on the committee: Lucy Spittle, Frances Leinenweber, Tanette Jaloff, Mae Young. Hikes were planned for every Wednesday and Saturday, but few were taken because of bad weather.

The elub held a eake sale to pay for eats for the hikes. The girls showed a geat deal of enthusiasm in the elub and were sorry that they could not take many of the interesting hikes originally planned.

Music Department

The music department of the Astoria High School has been enlarged the past year and to the regular work has been added a music class for which a full credit is given. This work covers History of Music taken in its wider sense, including the study of Orehestra and the Opera.



Dehate

First Team







Berger Lebeck

Henrietta Hansen

Carl Josephson

THE year 1920 witnessed a revival of interest in debating. For five years . this activity had been in the discard, but under Mr. Earl's regime A. H. S. awoke from its lethargy and entered the Oregon State League.

Ten contestants participated in the tryouts, from which four were chosen: Carl Josephson, Berger Lebeck, Chester Noonan and Henrietta Hansen. From this number Carl Josephson and Berger Lebeck were finally chosen to represent the school in the league contests. Henrietta Hansen was alternate. Miss Baker coached the orators.

Two second teams composed of under-classmen were also formed. Ralph Wertheimer, Edith Mason, Emil Berg, Elizabeth Taylor and John Weik passed the preliminary tryouts. Miss Brown coached the "youngsters."

After four weeks of hard digging the first team met Knappa in the auditorium February 20. Knappa upheld the affirmative and Astoria the negative of the District question: Resolved that Congress should prohibit all labor immigration for a period of not less than five years. The Astoria team put up a splendid fight, but was defeated by a unanimous decision.

Unfortunately the first team, tho in fine fighting trim and spirit, was unable to schedule any more debates. Their efforts during the remainder of the season were confined, therefore, to assisting the second teams in working up their debates with Warrenton.

The Warrenton debates took place April 9, our affirmative meeting the opposing negative team in their school, and our negative meeting Warrenton's affirmative in our auditorium. Emil Berg and Elizabeth Taylor put up great talks here, and at Warrenton John Weik and fiery Ralph Wertheimer did our school and themselves proud. Still the decision was two to one against us in both places.

Altogether our debating season has been very profitable. Next year we are going in for the District Championship, and we'll get it! Who knows but we may get the State cup as well? We have been getting experience this year. Next season we will show what is in us. We have great confidence in those young orators of ours.

Dehate (Second Ceams)



John Weik Áffirmative

Elizabeth Taylor Negative

Emil Berg

Ralph Wertheimer

Better Speech Week

Better speech week was observed November 3 to 8. "Good American

Speech for Good Americans was the slogan.

Monday, November 3, the halls were bright with posters. Tuesday "The Black List," headed by a formidable skull and crossbones, was posted. Wednesday, tags were pinned on all making any of the forbidden blunders. All week the English classes were given over to contests and debates.

On the last day of "Better Speech Week" a program arranged by the Speech Week committee filled the afternoon. John Trullinger spoke of the Oregon Debating League and urged that the High School put a team in the field. The second number on the program was a debate on the proposition: Resolved that the lot at the rear of the school should be made into an athletic field for the use of Astoria schools. Chester Noonan and Bernyee Burgess upheld the affirmative, and Carl Josephson and Melvin Anderson the negative. The debate was a hotly contested one, and the outcome remained in doubt until the judges announced their decision, two to one in favor of the negative. The debate was followed by "speech stunts" by the literary societies.

Curtis Dyer and Emil Berg deserve eredit for their many original and R. T. C. '21. brilliant posters.

Staff Acknowledgment

The Editor and staff of The Zephyrus wish to express their appreciation of the splendid support given them by the students and faculty of the High Sehool and the business men of Astoria.

Such a willing spirit has not been shown for many years. There have been more contributions of stories and verse than we could use. We regret that we have had to leave out much excellent material for lack of space.

We thank Miss Baker for her work on our Annual

We are grateful fo Curtis Dyer, who has directed the art work on The Zephyrus. To him is due a large part of the credit for the fact that the art work in this annual is the best which has ever appeared in The Zephyrus.

We wish to thank the business men especially for their generous donations, for without this support The Zephyrus would have been a financial impossibility this year

Calendar

Astoria, Oregon, April 1, 1956.

DEAR BYRON:

In your last letter you spoke of the old school days, and as I happened to be in the lower Columbia region, I visited Astoria and the school on the top of the hill.

While there rummaging thru some old manuscripts, I came upon a soiled, ragged bunch of paper which I found was the school calendar for 1919-20. Some parts had been eaten away by rats; other parts had been lost altogether. The document is quite senseless in many places; still I think it will interest you, so here it is.

NOVEMBER, 1919.

Tues., 4.—Football crisis.

Wed., 5.—Tag—you're a goof. Oh, my dear! Tag day.

Thurs., 6.—What's the rush—society meeting, you simp!

Fri., 7.—Better speech exercises in assembly—you remember, doncha?

Mon., 10.—Armistice exercises—Gee, but ain't Carl some orator!

Wed., 12.—Yesterday was a holiday and today's the day after.

Fri., 14.—P-E-P—a pep mceting!!!

Mon., 17.—We got some fighters, anyhow.

Tues., 18.—Beat Lincoln!

Wed., 19.—Debate in the air—What's debate?

Thurs., 20.—All ye live wires—awake the dead and squeeze 'em for the price of a ticket.

Fri., 21.—Another pep meeting—We love 'em—see the heroes blush.

Mon., 24.—Let's go to India.

Wed., 26.—Thanksgiving.

DECEMBER, 1919.

Mon., 1.—Baskctball—football is buried.

Tues., 2.—A study in facial expression—REPORT CARDS!!!

Wed., 3.—The Juniors without a president—My—!

Thurs., 4.—Fire drill.

Fri., 5.—Literary society meetings.

Mon., 8.—Snow (in the night).

Mon., 15.—That was some vacation!! Woop-e-e!

Tues., 16.—Debate tryout postponed.

Wed., 17.—Tickets for the "Gypsy Rover"—Give us some.

Thurs., 18.—Everything a-bustle—dress rchearsal 'n everything. Fri., 19.—"Gypsy Rover."

Mon., 22.-Middy day-Don't he look just too sweet for words?

Tues., 23.—Singing an talkin an stuff—then out for Xmas.

JANUARY, 1920.

Mon., 5.—Back: oh, joy—we are back!

Wed., 7.—Debate postponed again.

Fri., 9.—Debate tryouts.

Mon., 12.—REPORTS.

Tues., 13. - We want the Civie Center - wow!

Wed., 14—You lost something, Jan?

Thurs., 15.—Meeting of the glorious Juniors.

Fri., 16.—Basketball. Who are the vietims?—Clatskanie.

Mon., 19.—86 to 18—Ha! Ha!

Thurs., 22.—Bang—Bang—Bang—No, they ain't tearing down the building. It's the earpenters making the dean's office in things.

Fri., 23.—A few pointers on thrift by James Mott.

Nion., 26.—Hello, Florenee!

Wed., 28.—Senior girls' dance—That's the dope, girls!

Thurs., 29.—The darkness before the dawn of a new term. (Apologies to everybody.)

Fri., 30 — You made it, eh? — Lueky dog — I didn t.

FEBRUARY, 1920.

N.on., 9.—The first day. A clean slate. Lots of Fresh., etc., etc.

Tues., 10.—The Frosh don't seem a bit shy, do they?

Wed., 11.—Gee! the periods are nuts, ain't they?

Thurs., 12.—Not bad.

Fri., 13.—Look at the date. But it passed as all Fridays, you know.

Nion., 16.—The absence list—Legio nomina est.

Tues, 17.—Where are the teachers—the regulars?

Wed., 18.—Singin' in the mornin'.

Thurs., 19.—Another assembly. Who's going to the debate?

Fri., 20.—It's hard luck day of the season—but leave it to the girls.

Níon., 23.—George Washington. His day—and our day off.

MARCH, 1920.

Mon., I.—Well, well!—here's Miss Withycombe again.

Wed., 3.—Some send-off to the basketball boys. Graeious! Imogene loses her book with a speech in it—my!

Thurs., 4.—The Jinx had us in Salem.

Fri., 5.—Double-header tomorrow night.

Nlon., 8.—Leave it to the girls.

Tues., 9.—A debate club—well, well!

Wed., 10.—Murmurings of the coming Zephyrus.

Thurs., 11.—The ed. is bubbling over with pride—a new pair of rubbers.

Fri., 12.—Matinee dance. Jazz. A worthy cause, and two bits.

Mon., 15.—Basketball season ends in a blaze of glory. Some game. Rah! Rah! TEAM!

APRIL, 1920.

Mon., 12.—Miss Bergman gives her Latin friends a holiday—nursery rhymes in Latin.

Tues., 13.—Library tranquil—R. Wertheimer absent.

Wed., 14.—CANDY.

Thurs., 15.—"Where are those notebooks?" Mrs. Kempthorne.

Fri., 16.—Dyer's actors get their pictures taken. Matinee dance.

Fri., 23.—RELIEF! Zephyrus material in!

I hope you enjoyed this document as much as I did, and that it called back those good old days, the first year of the Earl administration.

Ever your friend,

C. P. Dyer.



A. H. S. Topics in Brief

The gymnasium which was to have been constructed on the hill back of the High School seems to have riscn to still higher altitudes and become an air castle.

Students taking cross-country run during the gym periods struggle over some extremely cross country.

The proposed plan for a Boys' Glee Club was abandoned when it was discovered that the boys did not sing with sufficient glee.

An empty bag cannot stand upright. Evidently the candy salesmen have not known this.

Show your school spirit. There is no war tax on it.

Here's hoping that our prayers may be answered, and that our Wednesday community sings may benefit all of us unfortunates who couldn't carry a tune tho we had it in our pockets.

We notice that those who label themselves "Pep" are not always the ones who turn out at the games or at the other "money" affairs.

"Silence is golden," we are told. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that our assemblies are so solemn.

The girls have organized a hiking club. Will wonders never cease?

As yet the Seniors have failed to find any means of distinguishing the freshmen from the sophomores.

Any one desiring a teacher who is experienced in teaching without text books, apply Astoria High School.

With an Earl and a Baker on its faculty, Astoria High ought to be able to teach Democracy to its students.

It has been said that the student body has a democratic form of government, but to the casual observer it would look more like an oligarchy.

He who pleases his mathematics teacher is called a shark. He who pleases his history teacher is called a scholar. He who pleases his science teacher is called a genius. No name has yet been found for the student who pleases his English teacher. In fact, that student himself has not yet been found

Seniors have discovered that the high cost of living has nothing on the high cost of graduating.

When Freshmen study and Seniors learn to rest the greatest educational problem will be solved.

If Freshmen eould only realize that they are Freshmen, the Seniors would not need to tell them so.

That the Domestic Science II Class is really becoming adept in cooking, is evidenced in the report that there has been a decrease in the number of teachers afflicted with indigestion.

The High School may get the proposed football field when the present students are members of the school board.

Societies are like sirens on a fire engine. They start with a piercing shriek and end in a groan.

One of the current problems in the girls' gym class is, "Where are the hips located?" It has developed that they are found all the way from the shoulders to the knees.

The High School again went over the top in the Armenian drive. Why talk about the lack of school spirit!

Would life be worth living if the girls in the Second Domestic Science class began using declarative sentences instead of the continual interrogative?

What is so enjoyable as a Wednesday morning when the singing of "birds" reminds us of spring!

The smaller the sack in the candy sale, the larger the bag in the treasury.

Some difference in the number and spirit of the speakers at a student body meeting when "work" instead of "pep" is the subject for the day!

The new principal seems to be causing the students a lot more worry than the students are causing the principal.

The half-hour lunch period, the source of our acute appetites and indigestion, has one good feature: most of us cannot complain of wet feet and clothing.

School Note: "Wednesday morning singing is becoming quite popular. The students are led by Miss Dampiere, whose soprano voice is a feature of the singing." Wonder if we could all sing like that if we were on the stage?

The "Freshie" girls are beginning to respect their elders. What has become of all that powder and paint?

Powder and paint seem to have disappeared. Maybe the "Freshies" fear an explosion.

They say we get a lot of good out of taking gym twice a week. We grant that it is necessary to take precautions against brain fever.

A slacker in the A. H. S. is the student who "praetices" what the "peppy" student "preaches" in the assembly hall.

According to the combined action of the faculty and our conscientious janitor, we will soon be taking our lunch in capsules.

Some one should invent a new erumbless lunch without paper wrappings so that the janitor's work may be reduced.

The Senior Bust will bust the Seniors.

Miss Clowes is trying to teach her pupils left from right. Maybe the Freshmon will learn before they get out of school, but there is no chance for the Seniors.

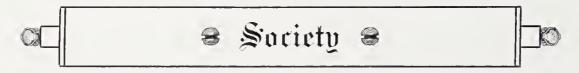
The fact that the girls of the High School are becoming more masculine every day is proved by their increasing activity in student body meetings.

Sehool activities make the janitor popular.

The Astoria High School student body shows wonderful eooperation. Note the unanimous passage of all motions and the defeat of none.

The Scniors have a new gathering place—Wilson's Studio—where the "deeorative" features of The Zephyrus are being executed.

The boys' gymnasium work seems to eall for an unusual stress on the vocal chords



Innior Prom

THE Junior Prom has become an annual affair given in honor of the departing Seniors. The prospects of giving so elaborate an affair were not very bright at the beginning of this school year, but the energetic efforts of the Juniors have made it possible.

The Prom will be given on May 21 at the Dreamland. The committee in charge consists of: Berenice Davies, chairman; Byron Wallace, Ruth Slotte, Wainer Anderson, Arthur Hildebrand, Mary Johnson, Beatrice Fish, Donald Campbell and Lawrence Tenbrook.

Patronesses for the affair are: Miss Badollet, Miss Bergman, Miss Watkins, Mrs. Earl, Mrs. Carruthers, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Hildebrand, Mrs. Tenbrook, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Noonan and Mrs. Nelson.

Senior Girls' Party

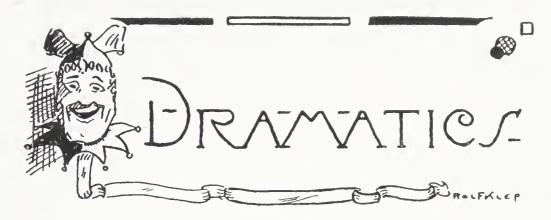
On the evening of February 20, fifteen of the Senior and Junior girls entertained with an informal dancing party in the gymnasium, each girl inviting a boy. The purpose of the party was to promote school fellowship and to begin a round of parties to accomplish this end. The boys invited were to plan a party, inviting fifteen Senior and Junior girls whose names were not on the invitation list of the first party, and these girls in their turn were to give a party.

The gym was prettily decorated with greens and the school colors. Punch and wafers were served.

Patronesses werc Miss Badollet, Miss Watkins, Miss McKelvey, Mrs. J. H. Hansen and Mrs. O. B. Setters.

The Zephyrus staff gave a series of dances in the gymnasium during the spring term to raise money for The Zephyrus. The dances were very well attended. The admission was ten cents and an average of ten dollars was made on each dance. Some of the teachers acted as chaperones at each of the dances. Music was furnished by the High School orchestra. As moneymakers and as mixers, the matince dances were a success.

Freshmen and Sophomores joined in entertaining themselves at a party in the High School gym March 19. Dancing was the chief diversion. On the committee were Frances Leinenweber, Anita Ashworth, Shirley Dahlgren, Jack Monroe and Burros McClain.



"The Gypsy Rover"

THE Gypsy Rover, "a light opera, presented Deeember 19, 1919, by the High School Glee Clubs, under the direction of Miss Adelaide Dampierc. was the best musical production ever staged by the High School. The choruses and the dances, directed by Miss Noreene Clowes, delighted the audience, and the speaking parts were exceptionally well taken. The Glee clubs and the director may well feel proud of their success.

The love of the gypsy lad, Rob, for Lady Constance, is the theme of this gay operetta. The lady and her fiance, Lord Craven, having lost their way in the forest, wander to a gypsy camp. Here Constance meets the Gypsy Rover, and they fall in love at first sight. After many complications, it is revealed that Rob is the lost Sir Gilbert Howe, heir to vast estates, and in his new position he wins Constance for his wife.

The cast follows:

Nieg, Rob's Foster Mother			Bernyee Burgess
Zara, the Belle of the Gypsy Camp			Mary Johnson
Marto, Mcg's Husband			. Carl Josephson
Sinfo, Gypsy lad in love with Zara			. Curtis Dyer
Rob, the Gypsy Rover			John Trullinger
Lady Constance, daughter of Sir Georg	e Mart	endale	Elizabeth Setters
Lord Craven, English Fop, "Doncha kr	now``		Chester Noonan
Sir George Martendale, English Countr	ry Gent	leman	Max Hurlbutt
Nina, Sir George's Second Daughter			Henrietta Hansen
Captain Jerome, of the English Army			Charles Diamond
Sir Toby Lyon, a Society Butterfly			Harry Serles
McCorkle, a Song Publisher of London			Jefferson Nelson
Lackey .			. Emil Berg

Chorus: Mildred Hire, Dorothy Cole, Clara Hussong, Elizabeth Nelson, Maud Mahan, Reba Westersund, Dorothy Martin, Mae Young, Grace Hendrickson, Margaret Christie, Nelle Carle, Laura Hussong, Lila Warren,



CAST OF "THE GYPSY ROVER"

"The Gypsy Rover" Chorus (Continued)

Gertrude Larsen, Florence Tagg, Ruth Slotte, Lillian Ahrens, Eleanor Eakin, Margaret Nelson, Borghild Edison, Hilda Branstator, Sedoris Jordan, Helga Maunus, Hazel Jacobson, Elsie Onkka, Jeanette Smith, Marion Johnson Lucy Spittle, Florence Hoagland, Hope Branstator, Ada Mahan, Audrey Gardner, Alba Jensen, Elsie Erickson, Madeline Rasmussen, Maurine Buchanan, Florence Griffin, Curtis Dyer, Max Hurlbutt, Harry Serles, John Trullinger, Chester Noonan, Charles Diamond, Carl Josephson, Emil Berg and Jefferson Nelson.

Accompanist: Imogene Meserve.

H. H. '20.

CLASS PROMENADE

A Freshie from his nook of green Viewed the awe-inspiring scene, As learned students passed him by Without a smile or glance of eye. The frivolous Sophomore full of life Tripped lightly down the path of strife, Powdering her nose, primping her hair, Nodding coyly with a camouflaged air. A Junior with a studious look,
Put on his spees to read a book,
And with a frowning brow he showed
No thot on foolish pranks bestowed.
A haughty Senior with serious face
Walked the hall with measured pace;
Perchance he saw some heavenly vision,
Such as to the wise are given.

C. P. '20.



"Che Prinate Secretary"



CAST OF "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"

A S The Zephyrus goes to press the Senior elass play, "The Private Secretary," a farcical comedy in three acts, is well under way. The play is being coached by Miss Portia Baker. There is every reason to believe that is will be one of the best ever given by the Astoria High School.

The plot of "The Private Secretary" involves many amusing complications. Douglas Cattermole's wealthy uncle refuses to give him money until he has sown his wild oats. In order to escape his many creditors and to help his friend Harry Marsland out of a scrape, Douglas masquerades as private secretary to Harry's uncle. He disposes of the real secretary, a green country parson. Mr. Cattermole, Douglas' uncle, meets the latter and takes him for his nephew. Many amusing incidents follow, and after much misunderstanding the real private secretary comes to his own and Douglas wins the favor of his wealthy uncle.

The part of Douglas Cattermole is very eleverly played by John Trullinger, and no one eould portray the actions of the green country parson better than Chester Noonan. Carl Josephson takes the part of the irritable unele, Mr. Cattermole, who succeeds in making everyone stand in awe of him. The two charming young ladies of the play are Louise Leinenweber and Elizabeth Setters. They make life merry for all those with whom they come in contact. Gertrude Larsen makes an ideal governess for the two girls, and her profound belief in spiritualism adds a great deal of humor

to the play. The part of Mrs. Stead, Douglas' landlady, who gets Douglas in wrong with his uncle, is played by Imogene Meserve.

Others in the play are:

Mr. Marsland					Berger Lebeck
Harry Marsland (his nephe	W.)				Dolph Edmiston
Mr. Sydney Gibson (Tailor	of Bo	ond S	treet)		Allen Mooers
Mary (a Servant)					Bernyee Burgess
Knox (a Writ Server)	*				Max Hurlbutt
					E. S. '20.

Junior Mix

FOLLOWING a custom of many years, the Junior class gave a "Nix" March 31. A vaudeville performance in the auditorium was followed by an hour's dancing in the gym. The proceeds went into the Junior Promfund.

Four entertaining stunts eaptivated the audience. In the first, a burlesque called "Dyer's Sereen Stars," the following east showed the crowd a busy day in a studio: Director, Curtis Dyer; Hero, Cecil Matson; Heroine, Imogene Meserve; Villain, Chester Noonan; Cameraman, Ted Anderson: Doctor and Preacher, Arthur Hildebrand; Mother of Heroine, Gertrude Larsen; Father, Wainer Anderson; Small Boy, Ralph Wertheimer; Young Actresses, Louise Leinenweber, Bercnice Davies, Mary Johnson and Eleanor Furney.

Cecil Matson as the artist-hero, Imogene Meserve as the green actress, and Chester Noonan as the melodramatic villain, gave especially funny impersonations. (See kodak page in this book if you don't believe it!) "Curt" Dyer as the director of the "bunch of nuts" was a scream. He took the erowd by storm when, at the end, he appeared in dainty gown, hat and slippers, and danced as gracefully, and made eyes as vampishly, as any damsel.

The second act, a playlet called "The Bowery Night School," showed some fine comic characters. Jeff Nelson played the Chink (so be!) Mel Debban the Bowery tough, Bernyee Burgess, the mischievous German girl, Beatrice Fish, the Jewish girl, Berger Lebeck, the "Wop." All entered into their parts with great spirit. Carl Josephson as the Irish alderman, Harry Lyon as the school director, and Riehard Carruthers as the teacher, completed the cast. In this skit the costumes alone were enough to make it a success as comedy.

The third number was a Rose Dance. Six Freshman girls, led by Lola Skinner, danced charmingly. They looked like dainty flowers in their fluffy pink dresses and petal-like caps. The dancers were Jane Sanborn,

Louise Bartlett, Esther Setters, Lillian Ahrens, Maude Mahan and Borghild Edison.

Between the third and fourth acts Clarence Anderson and Ed Kaitera took the audience by surprise with a few Irish jokes.

In the last act a group of Senior girls and boys sang college songs and danced. Imogene Meserve and Cecil Matson led. The stage was beautifully decorated with rose-covered screens and balloons of bright colors to represent the "Bubbles."

The entertainment was well attended, and the Juniors were pleased by the returns. Everyone pronounces it the best "mix" ever. The Sophomores are only hoping they can put on as good a show next year.

TROUBLES

The Zephyrus editor begged me to write-Indeed, I tried all thru one night, For hours sleepless I lay on my bed, Kieking the quilts and seratehing my head,

But I could not compose one single line To which my name I dared to sign; So back to school next morning I came Just as I left—exactly the same. In vain were my efforts, as now you see, The Zephyrus can't make a poet of me.

H. H. '21.

FROSH

(By a Soph.)

I think that I shall never see
A green as green as Frosh ean be.
The Frosh—who wear those knieker elothes,

Or Piekford eurls and bright hair-bows. Who shake with fear or with delight When teacher asks them to recite; Who sit in class so still and meek And always ask if they may "speak." We have our faults—perhaps—but, gosh! Who'd think that we were ever Frosh!





Seniors' Doggerel

BOLSHEVIK

He'd like to be a Bolshevik
And do something no one dared,
But we're pretty sure he'd get cold feet
And own up he was seared.

BLUFFER

She surely does enjoy herself
When Freshies she is stuffing,
But best of all she likes it
When the teachers she is bluffing.

STENOG

I'm always in a hurry
With work ahead galore,
For I spend my life in the typing room,
Up on the second floor.

GRIND

Annie loves her studies so!

How strange she had to eram

For the exhaust machine at the end of the term

That they call the final exam.

GENIUS

Once she won a greenback
For an essay contest prize,
We discovered she was an author—
A Shakespoke in disguise.
G. L. '20.

SHORTY

Jacqueline is a little girl.

They always eall her "Shorty."
She is the light and life of school;
She weighs a hundred forty.

1. T. '20

A TALE OF THE SEA

Three brave men and they went to sea, Irish, Swede and Yid, And they sailed along quite merrily, Oh, great were the things they did!

But one night there came a crash
That rent the salty air—
A startling noise, and a blinding flash,
And the Swede began to swear.

The Irishman dropped on his hands and knees.
Resigned to meet his fate.
While the Swede cursed long at the angry seas.
As he voiced his deep-felt hate.

But the Yid just stood with a smile on his face,
"'Vy worry should 1?" said he,
"I'm not afraid to die like a man,
No ocean can vorry me."

And down went the ship with all on board But Isaac, who reached the shore—
And he swam the whole of a hundred miles,
He never could swim before.

And when they said, "What a wondefrul feat!"

The angry Yid replied,
"No, not my feet, if I trusted to them,

I surely would have died

"I talk, and I talk, and I talk all day,
Yust like when my customers come,
And my hands yust bring me back to
shore,
Not my feet, but my hands, by gum!"

W.R.

THE H. S. LIBE

When we go to the High School Libe We go there just for sport; And we surely do have plenty Of every kind and sort.

We kiek our neighbor on the shins, It hurts him quite a bit, But he's afraid to holler, For the teacher'll hear of it.

She'll tell him he had better go, Since he's been in the mix, Right back to where he eame from, To the room wherein he sits.

Of the amorous couples that go there It surely is a crime,
The way they use up pencils
And waste away their time.

The notes glued to a piece of gum Pass quickly back and forth, Sometimes to east, sometimes to west. Sometimes to south and north.

Some of these bombs (we'll eall them) Are sure to miss their mark; Which gives the teacher a chance To spoil the little lark.

Ah, yes, many a time she has eaught us; Yet I am here to deelare,
That a trip to the High School Libe
Is more fun than a circus or fair.
MAUD MAHAN.

THE A. H. S.

A wonderful school is Astoria High, I'm telling you this, and I'll soon tell you why:

Everything needed is taught in this school And they'll turn you out bright, tho you enter a fool.

The plan requires that you broaden your mind

By a mixed eourse of studies of every kind;

They teach you the sciences needed these days

And their right application in various ways:

The course is complete in every detail

And the fault is your own if by chance
you should fail.

The students are all of a very high grade—Such students in Oregon only are made; The girls are a mighty fine lot, you should know.

They're charmingly sweet, yet not at all slow.

They're the principal backers at every game,

And by them A. H. S. has gained athletic fame.

There are many more things of this school limight say,

But I'll have to postpone them till some future day.

ELEANOR EAKIN.

INSPIRATION

Coleridge a poet? I agree— But then his time was mostly spent Lying beneath some shady tree (While the landlord whistled for his rent.)

Perhaps that is the reason why I cannot create poetry, For here, y know, it's too cold to lie Beneath the inspiration tree.

C. J. '20.

TO EARTH!

The sun's bright rays were shining Upon a western sky,

Where fleeey elouds were limning Dream pictures of bye and bye.

He saw himself in knightly 'tire Reseuc a lady fair,

Upon him laurel wreaths were heaped And other gifts as rare.

A sword against his noble brow!
A gash cut deep and wide!—

Which was only teacher's ruler, Who was standing at his side,

Dazed, he turned toward her With his eastles tumbling down, And the world seemed dreary, friendless, At her danger-signal frown.

C. P. 20.

SENSE?

We were out on the solid ocean, Not a street ear was in sight, The stars were shining brightly And it rained all day that night.

Twas a winter day in August And the snow was raining fast, A barefoot boy with shoes on Stood sitting on the grass

Several days of sluffing, Several nights of fun, Make a little Freshie's grades Fall starlike, one by one.

G. L. '20.

Oh, cheer up, fellow students[†]
The last day soon will eome,
And you'll never more hear a teacher
say:

"Johnnie, spit out that gum!"

G. L. '20

Half a line, half a line,
Half a line onward,
Trying to make a rime,
Long have I pondered.
I've tried with might and main,
I've raeked my addled brain,
But after all this strain
I've simply blundered.

L. S. '21.





A heart-rending bawl,

How solemn the church bells are pealing.

Teacher: "What is an octopus?"

Freshman (who has just started the study of Latin): "I know; it is an eight-sided cat!

Mel.: "Odd, isn't it?" Chet.: "What is?" Mel.: "No matter how hungry a horse is, it won't eat a bit."

Miss Baker: "Can anyone tell me what this sentence is, 'The pupil loves his teacher'?'

Carl Josephson: "Sarcasm."

In English: "How would you punctuate this sentence "I saw a pretty girl going down the street'?'

Chester Noonan: "I'd make a dash after the girl."

Miss Watkins (in Psychology class): "In olden times people used to learn the New Testament just to train their memories. Now would such training help a person remember where he left his collar button?" Carl J.: "No; but it would furnish him with a useful vocabulary in case

he couldn't find it.

The speaker in Assembly who mentions the sea of "shining faces" before him does not mean to be unkind to the ladies who have forgotten their powder puffs.

Miss Dampiere (in Assembly): "Good night, ladies; don't hold the ladies too long.

Miss Withycombe (in Chemistry): "Tomorrow the class will take nitric acid.

Mr. Kempthorne: "Can you all hear me back there?" Chorus from back of room: "No!"

"I hear Ralph died."

"No; what did he dic of?"

"Lint on the lungs. Comes from chewing the rag."

Where does Sir Oliver Lodge?

Probably the same place Ouija boards.

Big Sister: "Where is my umbrella, Thelma?"
Thelma: "I don't know, sister."
Freddie (aged four): "I know where it is; Jeff took it, 'eause I heard him say just as he was leaving, 'I'm going to steal just one.'

A: "What is smoked besides pork, beeef and fish?"

B: "Camels.

 $-E_{X}$.

NOT IN CLIPPINGER

Miss Baker: "Hey, youz roughneeks, git away from my door."

''Generally speaking, Miss Baker is—''

"Oh, yes, she is."

"Is what?"

"Generally speaking."

Here is a eonundrum:

"Why would "Ki" Hildebrand be a good poet?"

Ans.: "Beeause he is such a Longfellow.

Miss Watkins: "Are you having trouble with the fourth problem, Charles?

Charles Diamond: "No; it's the answer to the darned thing that bothers

The sehool Annual is a great institution. The editor gets the blame, the manager the experience, and the printer the money—if there is any.

Curtis Dyer: "Does the moon affeet the tide?" Miss Brown: "No; only the untied."

BEFORE AND AFTER EXAMS.

"Oh, Lord of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget. "Oh, Lord of Hosts was with us not, For we forgot, for we forgot.'

-Ex.

ELECTRIFYING

Miss W.: (in Physics 2): "Watt hour you doing there?"
John T.: "Eating currents; I node you would eateh me at it."
Miss W.: "Wire you insulate this morning?"
John T.: "Lyden Bed."
Miss W.: "Fuse going to do that every morning you may take you hat and go ohme.

And the eurrent broke right there.

Younee: "Where did Babe Fish disappear to so suddenly?" Debban: "The radiator."

LATIN DEPARTMENT By Ann Nonimus

Little lines of Latin, Little feet to sean, Make the mighty Vergil And a crazy man.

Yuoncibus chewibus gum in gymnasorum Heikibus spotibus little Youneeorum, Youncibus gocsibus to officorum Youneibus throwibus gum on the floorum Now Younce comes to gymanomorum.

Boysibus smokibus baek of auditorium Janibus smellibus their odororum Janibus squealibus on boys bygorum Boysibus smokibus now nevermorum.

Freshibus takibus examinorum Freshibus copybus from neighbororum Teacherbus catchibus little freshorum Freshibus takibus Latin oncemorum.

Knappibus comesibus to debatorum Knappibus winibus the oratorum, Decision goes to Knappibus-Svenson, All that we get in honorbus mention.

Teamibus gocs to Salemorum, Teamibus tries to win penantorum, Alasibus teamibus faileth to scorum, Team returnibus beaten oncemorum.

ROMANTIC

He met her in the meadow
As the sun was sinking low;
They strolled along together
In the twilight afterglow.
She waited quite demurely,
As he lowered all the bars;
Her soft eyes beamed upon him
With a light as in the stars.
She neither smiled nor thanked him—
In truth she knew not how;
For he was just a country boy,
And she—a Jersey cow.

--Ex.

Man is like a kerosene lamp, He isn't very bright; He's often turned down, he usually smokes And frequently goes out at night.

Clifford Deane (a weary Freshman): "I'm doing my best to get ahead." Berger Lebeck (wise Scnior): "Goodness knows, you need one."

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